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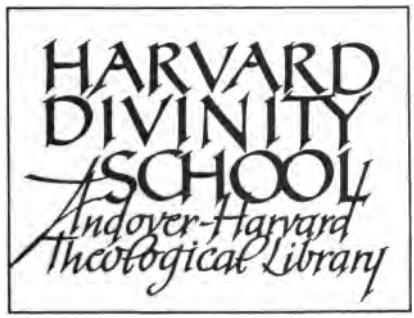
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A

SELECTION

OF

HYMNS:

DESIGNED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE "PSALMS AND HYMNS"
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM S. & ALFRED MARTIEN
1861

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PREFACE.

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the Book of "Psalms and Hymns," now in general use in our Church. Within this period, the Hymnology of the Church has been enriched by numerous original contributions of great merit, and by copious translations from the devotional poetry of other languages. Many of the old Greek and Latin Hymns are now for the first time made accessible to the English reader; and he is admitted into that great store-house of German Hymnology, the wealth of which is, perhaps, without a parallel.

The feeling has come to be very prevalent, that these treasures should be brought within the reach of the American Churches. Of this we have decisive evidence in the new Collections of Hymns prepared for the Congregational, the Protestant Episcopal, the Lutheran, and other denominations. The same demand exists in our own Communion; and is more likely to increase than diminish, since it has the sympathy of many prominent Pastors and laymen in various parts of the Church.

In the feeling here referred to, the present volume had its origin. It is not a thought of yesterday with the Compiler. A member of his family, his co-worker in this pleasant service, has been for several years engaged in collecting Hymns with a view to this object. After much deliberation, *it was decided* to arrange the work as a "*SUPPLEMENT*" *to our* "Church Book." The Hymns in

our Book, therefore, are excluded—with a single exception. Of the beautiful Hymn attributed to different authors, but really from the pen of the late Rev. Henry F. Lyte of the Church of England, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," only two stanzas are given in our book, and both of these altered from the original. The Hymn will be found complete in the following pages.

The principles by which the Editor has been guided in the selection of the Hymns, will be best understood by an examination of the work itself. Let it suffice to say here, that the fundamental idea which underlies this Collection, is, that the singing of Hymns is an office of WORSHIP. This does not import that every Hymn must be throughout a direct address to the Deity. For there are songs of Zion eminently fitted to nourish devotional feeling, and breathing the very spirit of praise, which could not bear this test. We should even have to give up the 23d and the 122d Psalms. Still, the *principle* is a sound one: and the neglect of it has turned many Hymn-Books into repositories of mere descriptive and hortatory poems, which lack the first element of WORSHIP.

In the present volume, a large space has been allotted to Hymns suited to "FAMILY WORSHIP;" not larger, however, it is believed, than is demanded by the growing disposition to combine praise with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, at the domestic altar. These Hymns, it will be seen on examination, are also appropriate to *Boarding and Day Schools*, which open or close the day with sacred song.

Under the head of "PRIVATE DEVOTION," there will be found a choice variety of Hymns adapted to the closet —*many of* which, as being of irregular or unusual Metres, *are designed* for reading only, not singing. To guard

against possible embarrassment on this point, by the inadvertent announcement of one of these Hymns from the pulpit, a note of caution is prefixed wherever necessary.

The great length of some of the Hymns may attract attention. But who would venture to obliterate a stanza of Gerhardt's exquisite Hymn, "O Sacred Head now wounded:" or of Montgomery's all but inspired paraphrase of the 72d Psalm, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed?" In these and similar cases, it has been thought better to leave it to the occasion to suggest the number of stanzas to be sung, than to mutilate and thus, possibly, destroy the whole composition. For "PRIVATE DEVOTION," no one will object to the length of such Hymns as Charles Wesley's, "Come, O thou Traveller:" or Montgomery's, "Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, this day:" or that ancient carol, "O Mother dear, Jerusalem:" or the "*Dies Iræ*," the most celebrated, perhaps, of all the Latin Hymns, as indicated by the fact, that seventy different translations of it have appeared in our language.

Of the sources which have supplied the materials for the present collection, it is proper to say, that these Five Hundred Hymns have been winnowed out of several thousand, scattered through an indefinite variety of Hymn-Books and other publications. Several of them appear now in a Hymn-Book for the first time. A considerable number have been derived from the "*Sabbath Hymn-Book*." The Compiler is under great obligations to the Editors and Proprietors of this admirable Book, for permission to use their copy-right Hymns. And it is needful to add, that *being* copy-right, it would not be proper for other parties to publish them without similar permission. The same *cordial* acknowledgment is due to Dr. Steiner of *Baltimore, one of the* Editors of the "Cantate Domino;"

new Hymn-Book with the words set to music, which is of too much value to be restricted to the Lutheran Church. With the like courtesy the Compiler has been allowed the free use of Dr. Willis Lord's excellent "*Hymns of Worship;*" Professor Cleveland's "*Hymns for Schools;*" and the "*Hymns for Church and Home,*" recently prepared by a committee of gentlemen belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Howe of Philadelphia is a member. The "*Mothers' Hymn-Book*" of Mr. Hastings has supplied several valuable Hymns from his own pen. If the Editor fail to specify other works which have facilitated his labours, the omission, it is hoped, will be attributed, not to indifference, but to the necessary brevity of a Preface.

The Hymns have been credited to their respective Authors, so far as known. Those from the Latin are impressed with a certain dignity of expression, an elevation of sentiment, and a solemn flow of the rythm, which at once identify their ancient origin. The last two Hymns in the book are taken from the Rev. J. M. Neale's (Sackville College) very free translation of "The Rythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny," (A. D. 1483). Some liberty has been used in transposing a few of the stanzas of this famous old Poem on the New Jerusalem.

In the preparation of the volume, the Compiler has had a special eye to the wants of his own pulpit and people. He is not without the hope that it may prove an acceptable offering to some other congregations, and to private Christians. It is now humbly commended to His blessing, who is at once the Object and the Inspirer of all true Worship, and who has said, "WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFIETH ME."

HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1860.

HYMNS.

WORSHIP.

1 *Psalm of the Seraphim.* 7s.

Isaiah vi. 3.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing *we here with glad* accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

2 *An ancient Hymn of Praise.*

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in thee;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be!

3 *Meet with Us.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee,
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor wearied be,
'Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee, thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

"*Surely the Lord is in this Place.*" L. M.

Lo, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!

Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!

2 Lo, God is here!—him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! Oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will!

5 *Universal Worship.* 7s

Psa. cxlviii.

1 PRAISE Him, all ye Hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and Moon! your voices raise,
Sing, ye Stars! your Maker's praise.

2 Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow,
Lightning, Vapour, Wind and Storm,
Hail and Snow! His will perform.

3 Vales and Mountains! burst in song;
Rivers! roll his praise along;
Clap your hands, ye Trees! and hail
GOD, who comes in every gale.

4 *Birds!* on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His temple door,

Joyful sounds from Herds and Flocks,
Echo back, ye Caves and Rocks!

5 Kings! your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges! own His righteous law;
Princes! worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all People! here.

6 High above all height His throne,
Excellent His name alone;
Him let all His works confess,
Him let every being bless.

6 *Going to Church.* L. C M.

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away,—
To dwell among the blest!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
E'en now, with glad survey,

I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

7 "*The Lord is in His Holy Temple.*" 8s, 7s &

1 GOD is in his holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of Hosts, our LORD, appear.

2 GOD in CHRIST reveals his presence,
Throned upon the Mercy-seat:
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare his GOD to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,

While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
O Thou Great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Welcome, welcome,
GOD with us, Immanuel.

8 *The Eighty-fourth Psalm.* 7s.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can *to their ark* repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

9 *Invocation.* L.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, with GOD the SON,
And GOD the FATHER, ever one:
Shed forth thy grace within our breast,
And dwell with us, a ready guest.

2 By every pow'r, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

3 O FATHER, that we ask be done
Through JESUS CHRIST, thine only Son:
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

10 *The Sacrifice of Praise.* S. M.

1 WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

11 *God's Glorious Presence.* L. C. M.

1 THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,

And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice holy, to their God most High,
Thrice holy, to their King:—

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

12 *The Light of Life.* L. M.

1 GREAT Light of life, thou nature's Lord,
Bring light from darkness by thy word;
Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,
To give the light of truth divine.

2 Light of our souls, thyself reveal,
Thy power and presence let us feel;
And know, and see, the wondrous things
Concealed from prophets, priests, and kings.

3 In the dear face of Christ, our God,
His righteousness and pardoning blood,
May we behold our All in All,
And at his foot of mercy fall.

4 There thy perfections shine most bright;
May we behold them with delight,
And see how justice, truth, and grace
Unite, and smile in Jesus' face.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Open our long benighted eyes;
Shine, Jesus, shine from day to day,
Till all that's dark be done away.

13 *"Within the Veil."* 7s.

1 To thy temple I repair,
LORD, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
CHRIST before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the LORD my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
GOD of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for *thy* Spirit pleads,
Hear, for JESUS *inter*cedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 From thine house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

14 *"Surely the Lord is in this Place."* H. N

1 O FOR a heart to feel,
The presence where we stand,
Remembering, as we kneel,
That God is nigh at hand,
And while we meet to seek him thus,
Waits to be gracious, e'en to us.

2 He knows, he knows of me
If I am friend or foe;
Wherever I may be
He follows as I go,
Sees every thought, and word, and look,
And writes it in his judgment book.

3 Well may I think with dread,
Of that tremendous day,
And hang my guilty head,
And now in earnest pray;
In this accepted time I'll cry,
Have mercy, Lord, or else I die.

4 But Christ the Saviour died
Our pardons to obtain;
None e'er to him applied,
Or shall apply, in vain;
For what he did, for what he bore,
We bless thee, Lord, for evermore.

15 *Pleading the Promise.* S. M.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

16 *Waiting on God.* C. M.

1 Behold us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide:
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian, still, and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

17 *Christian Fellowship in Worship.* 7s.

1 Great the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 *Sing* we then eternal love
Such as did the Father move,

When he saw our race undone,
Loved the world and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,
How he left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place;
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Still Jehovah's glorious name.

18 "*Bless the Lord.*" S. M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living *fire,*
From his own altar brought,

To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

19 "*Worthy the Lamb.*" 6s & 4

1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"*Worthy* the Lamb!"

3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!—
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

20 *"Let all the People praise Thee!"* 7s.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

21 *"Glory ye in His Holy Name."* S. M

1 GIVE glory to the Lord,
Extol his holy name,
Let men and angels' tongues record
His everlasting fame.

2 While we his love relate,
Who saves the lost from hell,
O ye who kept your first estate,
His sovereign power forth tell!

3 Among our fallen race,
The living yet are we;
This is our day,—our day of grace,
The last we e'er may see.

4 Confess we then our sin,
Repent, believe, and pray;
Strive the straight gate to enter in,
And force the narrow way.

5 The Lord delights to bless
The valiant for the truth,
And crown their age with happiness,
Who serve him from their youth.

6 Angels, while ye on high
Rejoice o'er ransomed men;
"The lost is found," we too would cry,
"The dead alive again."

22 *A Psalm of Praise.* H. M.

1 Ye holy angels bright,
Who stand before God's throne,
And dwell in glorious light,
Praise ye the Lord, each one.
You there, so nigh,
Are much more meet
Than we, the feet,
For things so high.

2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
That see your Saviour's face,
Whose glory, even the least,
Is far above our grace;
God's praises sound,
As in his sight,
With sweet delight,
You do abound.

3 All nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King,
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing;
For he still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe
That him disdains.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above;
With a full-tunéd heart,
Sing thou the songs of love.
Thou art his own,
Whose precious blood,
Shed for thy good,
His love made known.

5 With thy triumphant flock
E'en we shall numbered be;
Built on the eternal rock,
Thy glory we shall see.
The heavens so high
With praise shall ring,
And all shall sing
In harmony.

23 *"Make a Joyful Noise unto the Lord."* 11s & 8s.

Psa. c.

1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own,—
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim:
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, ever gracious and good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

24 *Close of Worship.* S. M.

1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy *word of* truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

25 *Close of Worship.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 KEEP us, Lord, O, keep us ever,
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; O, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

26 *"The Seed is the Word."* C. M.

1 O GOD, by thee the seed is given,
By thee the harvest blest;
Thy word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply,
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

27 *Close of Worship.* H. M.

1 To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord,
And prayers receive,
And to thy word,
A blessing give.

28 *Close of Worship.* L. M.

1 LORD, now we *part in thy* blest name,
In which we here together came;

Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will, and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.

29 *Benediction.* 7s.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

30 *Benediction.* L. M.

Phil. iv. 7.

1 The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

31 *A Blessing Implored.* 7s.

1 FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, O send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

THE SCRIPTURES.

32 *Sufficiency of the Scriptures.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still *thy wisdom*, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

4 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

33 *A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.* L. M.

1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths I read!
Here I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

34 *Prayer in reading the Bible.* L. M.

1 In humble prayer, O, may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead;
Lord, send thy Spirit to impart
A wise and understanding heart.

2 Be thou my teacher, thou my guide;
May all I read be well applied;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me thy salvation know.

35 *"Teach me thy Statutes."* L. M.

1 Teach me, O, teach me, Lord, thy way;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And with *celestial* wisdom filled,
*To thee its full obedi*ence yield.

3 Give me to know thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

4 O, turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy, cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

36 *Prayer to the Holy Trinity.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Holy Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with his righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour, hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to rapture higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love;
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let thy wondrous mercies shine;
In the song of thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine;
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts, and make them thine.

37 *The Divine Omnipresence.* C. M.

Ps. cxxxix.

1 JEHOVAH GOD! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

38 *Truth and Goodness of God.* C. M.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands for ever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

39 *The Goodness of God.* C. M.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the Gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name, are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

40 *A Song to Creating Wisdom.* C. M.

1 Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved *name, rocks*, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

41 *Knowledge and Wisdom of God.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge, how profound,
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold!
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
To save the sons of Adam's race;
Here wisdom shines for ever bright,
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

42 *The Love of God.* H. M.

1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,

The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

43 *The Divine Decrees.* C. M.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he éxalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

44 "*He bowed the heavens, also, and came down.*" C. M.

Ps. xviii.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as Sovereign, Lord, and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will *bless his* chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honour him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

45 *God's Condescension to Human Affairs.* L. M.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

46 *"The Winds and the Sea obey Him."* C. M.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

47 *"The Earth is Full of thy Riches."* L. C. M.

1 THY mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest;
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.

2 If thou, in thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;

What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet;
Still laden with th' unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim,
Who God's high praise repeat.

4 O, were I there! O, that I now
Before thy throne, my God, could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing thy endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

48 "*In Thee we Live.*" S. M.

1 LORD of all power and might!
All want and weakness we,
For food and raiment, life and light,
Daily look up to thee.

2 In darkness though we stray,
Where tempted saints have trod,
'Tis good for us, like them to stay
Our souls upon our God.

3 *In* thee we live and move,
And have our being still;

So teach thou us to know and prove,
To choose and do thy will.

4 Thy word, which cannot fail,
Thy strength, in weakness shown,
Thy grace, which ever must prevail,
Shall make thy glory known.

5 That glory be our aim,
Our hope and crown of joy;
And to extol thy holy name,
Our first, last, sole employ.

49 *The Christian Israel.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

2 Safety thy presence is, and rest;
While, as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

3 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the *rock-cleft,* be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness shown;

And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.

4 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit shrink;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

50 *"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."* L.

1 O KING of earth, and air, and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to thee;
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And, O, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and wo,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

L *Reliance upon God.* C. M.

THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil:
Help us adore thy sovereign grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts,
Estrange our hearts from thee.

Teach us in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God;
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our souls aright;
Help us thy name to fear:
O, give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death
Free from distracting care;
For death is *life*—*and labour* rest,
If thou art with us there.

52 *"Fear not, for I am with thee."* C.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 My life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

53 *"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."* L. M.

1 RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

2 Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
And snatched my fainting soul from death;
Removed my sorrows, dried my tears,
And saved me from surrounding snares.

3 What shall I render to the Lord,
Or how his wondrous grace record?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
With just thanksgiving to his praise.

4 O Zion, in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells, and joy resorts,
To notes divine I'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

THE LORD'S DAY.

54 *Auspicious Morn.* H. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest *songs of praise*
Your joyful homage pay;

Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

55 "*Peace be within thy Walls.*". C.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 *Spirit* of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;

Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

56 *"The Lord is Risen."* 7s.

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which he endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above *the sky he's* King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest;
One true God, by all confest.

57 *The Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

Mal. iv. 2.

1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more;
Shine on us now to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on thy pure, eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on the temples of thy grace,
In spotless robes thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of thy face,
And make thy chosen people glad.

5 Shine, till thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the day-spring from on high.

6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light;
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night.

58 *The Day of Rest.* H. M.

1 GOD the Creator blessed
The Sabbath of his rest;
His six days' work had brought
The universe from nought;
The heavens and earth before him stood,
He saw them and pronounced them good.

2 God the Redeemer blessed
The Sabbath of his rest,
When, all his suffering done,
The cross's victory won,
In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,
Then rising made a holier day.

3 And God the Spirit blessed
That Christian day of rest,
When met with one accord,
The servants of the Lord;
To whom the Father's promise came,
Like rushing wind and living flame.

4 The Church below hath blessed
Her own sweet day of rest,
When in her spousal dress
Of blood-bought righteousness,

Her happy spirit can rejoice
To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice.

5 They love the hallowed day,
Who love to sing and pray;
The day of rest they love,
Who seek their rest above:
They love the day of God in seven,
Who prize an antepast of heaven.

59 *The Lord's Day.* C. M.

1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

60 *Sweet is the Work.* S. M.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

61 *"Rejoicing in Hope."* C. M.

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that *everlasting* rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

62 *Sabbath Evening.*

1 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

CHRIST.

INCARNATION.

63 "*Good Tidings of Great Joy.*" 8s, 7s & 4.

1 ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, *before the altar* bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,

Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

64 "*The Desire of all Nations.*" L. M.

1 With all thy saints, thee, Lord, we sing,
Praise, honour, thanks, to thee we bring,
That thou, O long-expected guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest.

2 Now art thou here; we know thee now
In lowly manger liest thou;
A child, yet makest all things great,
Poor, yet is earth thy robe of state.

3 Now fearless we can look on thee,
From sin and grief thou sett'st us free;
Thou bearest wrath, thou conquerest death,
Fear turns to joy thy glance beneath.

4 *Thou* art our head, our Lord divine,
We are thy members, wholly thine.

And in thy Spirit's strength, would still
Serve thee according to thy will.

5 Thus will we sing thy praises here
With joyful spirit year by year;
And they shall sound before thy throne,
Where time nor number more are known.

65 "*His Name shall be called Wonderful.*" C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The *Wonderful, the* Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

66 *"Your Redemption draweth Nigh."* C. M.

1 ARISE, the kingdom is at hand,
The King is drawing nigh;
Arise with joy, thou faithful band,
To meet the Lord Most High.

2 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
The King is very near,
O, cast your griefs and fears away,
For, lo, your help is here.

3 Look up, ye souls, weighed down with care,
The sovereign is not far,
Look up, faint hearts, from your despair,
Behold the Morning Star.

4 O, rich the gifts thou bringest us,
Thyself made poor and weak;
O, love beyond compare, that thus
Can foes and sinners seek.

67 *The Advent.* L. M.

1 CREATOR of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesus, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear thy servants when they call.

2 Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Shouldst doom to death an universe,
Hast found the medicine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruined race.

3 Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the Bride,
As drew the world to evening tide;
Proceeding from a virgin shrine,
The spotless victim all divine.

4 At thy dread name, majestic now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
And things celestial thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

5 O thou whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Grant us through life thy guardian love,
Then take us to thy rest above.

68 *Messiah greeted by the Creation.* C. M.

Isa. lv. 12, 13.

1 MESSIAH! at thy glad approach,
The howling wilds are still:
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in *the desert,* sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
Their loud hosannas sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

69 *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.* 7s & (

Matt xxi. 8, 15.

1 GLORY, and laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems,
Before thee we present.

3 When hastening to thy passion,
They raised their hymns of praise:
Now reigning in thy glory,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

4 Receive, instead of palm-boughs,
Our victory o'er the foe,
That in the Conqueror's triumph
This strain may ever flow:
Glory, and laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

70 *Gethsemane.* 7s, 6 li

Luke xxii. 39—44.

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet,
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause—
Sins immense as is the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

4 Here's my claim, and here alone:
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No: not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above:
We adore thee, gracious Three—
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

71 *The Saviour's Agony.* 8s & 7s.

1 GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground in horrors pressed.

2 Angels see with sad amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
Oh, be ours deep heart-abasement;
Lord, we know 'twas done for us.

3 Now into that garden lead us,
There to see thy bloody sweat,
Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
We the cost may ne'er forget.

4 Be thine agonies rehearséd
By the Spirit in our ears,
Till beholding whom we piercéd,
Melt our hearts in grateful tears.

5 On the cross thy body broken,
Cancelled every legal charge;

Pleading this availing token,
Guilty souls are set at large.

6 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

72 "*He reviled not again.*" C. M.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like thee;
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

73 "*O Sacred Head, now Wounded.*" 7s & 6s.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all jòys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of *life, desiring*
Thy glory now to see,

Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

5 And when I am departing,
O part not thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
By thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near when I am dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

74 *"He was wounded for our trangressions."* C. M.
Isa. liii.

1 O CHRIST, our ever blessed Lord,
For man's transgression slain,
We thy redeeming love record
In songs of thankful strain.

2 We upward lift our longing eyes,
And muse on Calvary;
On thy mysterious sacrifice,
Thy shame and agony.

3 We all like erring sheep have strayed
From God the Father's care;
The guilt of all on thee was laid,
Our burden thou didst bear.

4 O Christ, be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord!

5 O may we through thy cross and pain,
With all who thee adore,
A blessed resurrection gain,
And life for evermore!

75 *Christ's Dying Love.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 O LOVE *divine, what* hast thou done!
The Lord of life hath died for me;

The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
The Lord, my Love, was crucified.

2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his:
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
The Lord, my Love, was crucified;—

3 Was crucified for you and me,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Salvation now for us is free;
His church is purchased with his blood:
Pardon and life flow from his side;
The Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside—
The Lord, my Love, is crucified.

76 *Calvary.* C. M.

1 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair;
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.

3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb, thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeemed and blest by thee.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

77 *"Thou hast led Captivity captive."* H. M.

Ps. lxviii. 18.

1 THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 The ransom Christ hath paid—
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
The resurrection, thou;
All hail, incarnate Lord!
Before thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

78 *"The Lord is Risen."* C.

1 HARK, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great, victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

2 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys, O, may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

3 Come then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King;
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

4 Hail, mighty Saviour! thee we hail,
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

79 *Ascension of Christ.* 7s.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes:
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven:
There the mighty conqueror waits,
"Lift your heads eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,
Take the King of glory in:
Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves,
Though returnéd to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he shows the prints of love;

Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Saviour of the human race.

4 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, panting after home.
There may we with thee remain
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

80 "*Thou hast Ascended on High.*" 8s, 7s & 4.

1 COME, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day!

2 Jesus triumphs; sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name!

3 Jesus triumphs: countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
We shall join his praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

REIGNING.

81 *The Saviour Crowned.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him: Crown him:
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown him: Crown him:
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels bend around him,
Own his title: praise his name:

Crown him: Crown him:
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Lamb of God, our strong salvation,
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him: Crown him:
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

82 "*To Him that Sitteth upon the Throne.*" 7s &

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:
What would an angel more?

83 *An Ancient Hymn.* C. M.

1 We sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Thou source of life and grace:
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race!

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign!

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts:
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise thee, thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of thy rest.

5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world thy churches join
To call on thee, their Head,—
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made!

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

84 *Christ Triumphant.* 6s & 4s.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, Incarnate God!—
No feet but thine, have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years;—
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

5 Yet—who are those behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say—
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles—
A galaxy of souls,
In white array?

6 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
Lo! these have come,
Followers *of him,* who gave

His life, their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home.

85 *Christ Enthroned and Worshipped.* 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,

Wnen, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

86 *Thanksgiving.* C. M.

1 Now joyful strains we lift on high,
Amid the faithful throng
Of those who Jesus magnify,
In sweet and holy song.

2 We render thanks, and bless the Lord,
Who died our souls to save;
Through whom to heavenly peace restored,
We fear no more the grave.

3 With saints, who all triumphantly
In paradise record,
O'er sin and death, the victory,
We strike the silver chord.

4 With angel-hosts that dwell above,
And weave their golden lays
Around the throne of truth and love,
We glad hosannas raise.

5 We celebrate the glorious name
Of earth's Redeemer King;
Our tongues aloud his power proclaim,
In heart his grace we sing.

87 *Christ Reigning.* L. M.

1 WHAT love, O Lord, was that which led
To take our woes upon thy head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear,
To ransom us from death's despair!

2 To thee hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey:
And now, in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the Father's side.

3 Let very mercy move thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill;
And, granting what we ask, on high
With thine own face to satisfy.

4 Be thou our joy and thou our guard,
Who art to be our great Reward:
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be!

88 *"Worthy the Lamb."* C. M.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

3 Then, hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven!

89 *"The King of Glory."* C. M.

1 Th' eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon thy face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;—

5 That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

90 *An Ancient Hymn.* L. M.

1 O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend an ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found—
It flows from every streaming wound—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light—
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqu'ror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end!

91 *Hosanna!* L. M.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna Lord! thine angels cry,
Hosanna Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy promised blessing claim.

4 But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock redeemed from sin and stain,
Hosanna Lord! shall sing again.

92 *Praise to Christ.* 8s & 7s.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favour,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, O bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honours, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows and flows for evermore.

93 "*Made perfect through Sufferings.*" C

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all that dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them, the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

94 "*The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*" L. M.

1 O Love divine, to guilty men,
Beyond a seraph's thought or ken,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake!

2 Nor willed he only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And, God and man, with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

3 For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore,
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us he preaches and he prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns array
For us he bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up his breath.

6 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

7 All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee!
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

95 *The Star of Bethlehem.* 1

1 When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,

One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose!
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

96 *Our Light.* 8s & 7s.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,

Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

97 *The Light of the World.* L.]

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night,
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

3 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,

And endless praise to thee be given,
By all thy church in earth and heaven.

98 *The Good Shepherd.* 11s.

Psa. xxiii.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil, thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

99 *"The Lord our Righteousness."* L.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul was shed.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O, let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

100 *Our Days-man.* L.

Job ix. 33.

1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean,
In water of the driven snow,

My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace,
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo, the Son of God is slain,
To be this Mediator crowned:
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

101 *Our Rest.* L. M.

1 LORD Jesus, who our souls to save,
Did'st rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in thee to rest,
And here to live as seems thee best.

2 Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That thou hast purchased with thy death,

And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face.

3 O Lamb of God, who once wast slain,
We thank thee for that bitter pain:
Let us partake thy death, that we
May enter into life with thee.

102 *The Living Stone.*

1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

1 With ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who raised the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame;
He built the church
Who built the sky,
Shout and exalt
His honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
How he descends!
In dust he lies,
That from his tomb
A church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;

Each saint new light derives
From this mysterious stone;
His influence darts
Through every soul,
And in one house
Unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand;
That structure, Lord,
Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
Its Builder's praise.

5 Descend and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place;
Our joyful souls
Shall prostrate fall,
And own, our God
Is all in all.

103 "*The Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.*" L. M.

Heb. xiii. 8.

1 With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
The immortal honours of thy name:

Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

2 Through all the circling ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

3 The same his power his flock to guard:
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

104 "*The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*" 7s.

1 Holy Jesus, Saviour blest,
When by passion strong possest,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesus, when with night,
Error blinds our clouded sight,
Lest to idol-gods we bow,
Saviour, then the Truth art thou.

3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,

All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach the heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesus, he must come by thee.

5 Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father's face,
Saviour bless'd, incarnate Son,
With the Father thou art one.

105 "*The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*" C. M.

1 THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only can'st instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,

That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

106 *Christ holding the Keys.* L. M.

1 Hail to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel bands, adore.

3 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

4 For ever reign, victorious King:
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

107 *Christ Precious.* C. M.

1 How precious is that Saviour's name,
Who for our sins hath died;
O may our lips, our lives proclaim
Thee, Jesus, crucified.

2 By us, in all our works and ways,
Where'er our feet abide;
By faith, hope, love, by prayer and praise,
Be Jesus magnified.

3 Lord, daily from our hearts erase
All error, guilt, and pride,
Till we are perfected in grace,
Through Jesus sanctified.

4 Robed with Christ's perfect righteousness,
Our sins all cast aside;
Our souls shall be in this pure dress
By Jesus beautified.

5 And we, when gained that heavenly rest,
Which God will sure provide;
Shall be with saints and angels blest,
With Jesus glorified.

108 *Fountain of Grace.* L. M.

1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

8 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O, all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me:
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by thine arm.

109 *Christ All in All.* L. M. 6 lin

Col. iii. 11.

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;

My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

110 *"Come, Holy Spirit, Come!"* C. M.

1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

6 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

111 *The Descent of the Spirit.* S.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified.

112 *To the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us *temples* worthy thee!

4 Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

5 Chase from our mind th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

113 *The Gift of the Spirit.* C. M.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

114 *Invocation.* 7s.

1 SPIRIT, poured on Pentecost,
Comforter and Holy Ghost,
Resting on the eternal Son,
Holy, uncreated One!
Breath of life, thine aid impart,
Waken every slumbering heart,
Every grovelling soul refine,
With thy power and grace divine.

2 Sanctifier, seal our hearts
With the truth thy word imparts;
Sacred truths and themes instil,
And thy pleasure all fulfil;
There let Christ replace his throne,
And possess us for his own,
Till our bodies all shall be
Temples to thy Deity.

3 Everlasting Spirit, come,
Teach us life's imperfect sum;
All on earth is dark and drear
Changeful as the changing year;
Raise our souls from things of earth,
Subjects of a better birth,
And our song shall be of thee,
Through a blest eternity.

115 *The Spirit's Guidance.* L.

1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

116 *"Holy Spirit, all Divine."*

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine:

Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

117 *Invocation.* C. M.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend,
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes—
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let *us* not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be:

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, for we wait thy power divine,
Let us thy mercy share.

118 *"It is God which Worketh in you."*

Phil. ii. 12, 13.

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work,
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts,
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

119 *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* H. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,
We, children of thy grace—
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place:
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

5 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,

And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

120 *The Sanctifier.* C

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

121 *The Return of the Spirit implored.* I

1 FOR EVER shall my fainting soul
O God, thy just displeasure mourn;

Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return?

2 Once I enjoyed, (O happy time,)
The heartfelt visits of his grace;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes
The sweet remembrance quite efface.

3 When justice waved his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul opprest,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whispered pardon to my breast.

4 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, re-possess this longing heart,
With all the graces of thy train.

5 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed,
And this thy everlasting rest.

122 *Sabbath Morning.* 7s.

1 HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;

And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

3 May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth with power,
Till the sinner bend in prayer,
Conquered in that mighty hour.

4 So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love and peace and fear
Carry from thy house away.

123 *The Spirit's Teaching.* L. M.

1 Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;

O, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

124 *The Spirit Creating all Things New.* C. M.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word:—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the Tree of Life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

125 *"I will pour out my Spirit."* C. M.
Joel ii. 28.

1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;

Let us receive the ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look; to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

REPENTANCE.

126 *Contrition.* L. C. M

1 I LOOK to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath thy gracious throne,
Pour out my ardent prayer:

Pardon my sin, my soul reprieve:
No hand but thine can now relieve,
Or save me from despair.

2 My trembling spirit, filled with awe,
Beholds the terrors of thy law,
And bows itself in dust:
Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and good:
My only refuge is thy blood;
Thou art my only trust.

3 Guilty, before thy bar I plead;
Guilty in thought, and word, and deed,
Wholly defiled by sin;
O, heal the leprosy of soul!
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And bid my heart be clean.

127 *Pleading for Mercy.* S. M.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed: and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

128 *Depth of Mercy.* 7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still, O Lord, in thee?
Canst thou still thy wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withstood thy grace;
Long provoked thee to thy face;
Would not hear thy gracious calls;
Grieved thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not our crimes forget?
Lo, we fall before thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent!
Help us now our fall lament;
Deeply our revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

129 "*Remember Me!*" C. M.

1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.

130 *Praying for Repentance.* S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:—

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

5 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

6 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

131 *Conflict between the Flesh and the Spirit.* L. M.

1 How sad and dreadful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate;
When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve,
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within,
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

4 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God;
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has died and washed me clean.

5 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach the eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

132 *Litany.* 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,

When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O, by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy hour of dire despair,
By thy agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

133 *Seeking Rest.* S. M.

1 O, WHITHER should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?

To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What worldly tie must break?
What idol yet depart,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 O, break the fatal chain,
And all my bonds remove;
Nor let one bosom sin remain,
To keep me from thy love.

134 *Mercy Implored.* S. M.

1 Thou Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;

O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only can'st remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

135 *Hope for the Chief of Sinners.* L. M.

1 I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all his bands of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,

Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown—
Eternal Justice, from thine eye?

4 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee,
I claim acceptance on thy word,
My God! my God! forsake not me.

5 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

136 *"I will take Away the Heart of Stone."* 7s.

1 HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants:
Self-convicted, self-abhorred,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Break, O break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone:
Bid each vanity depart;
Build thy temple in my heart.

3 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

4 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy shepherd care:

Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace.

137 *The Sinner at the Saviour's Feet.* L. C. M.

1 O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee, my suit to gain,
I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My friend and Advocate with God,
My ransom and my peace;
My Surety! thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might he now descend, and rest
For ever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

138 *"He hath Borne our Griefs."* 7s, 6 lines.

1 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,

Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors, see;
There, his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 Lord, thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed:
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, O shine, my fears away.

139 *"He Giveth Grace to the Humble."* C. M.

1 Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return:
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice:
His coming like the morn shall be;
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:—

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

140 *Christ's Gracious Invitation.* C. M.

1 ALL ye who seek a sovereign cure,
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:—

2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens afresh his bleeding side;
O, draw the Saviour nigh.

3 Hear ye how kindly he invites;
O, hear those words so blest:
"All ye that labour, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

4 What love o'erflowed that gentle heart,
As on the cross he lay,
That e'en his murderers could forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

5 Dear Jesus—Joy of saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
O, let our hearts draw near!

6 Wash thou our wounds in that dear blood
Which from thy side doth flow;
New hope and grace inspire, O Lord,
A purer heart bestow.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

DEDICATION AND SELF-DENIAL.

141 "*Just as I am.*" L. M.

1 JUST as I am— without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

142 *Renouncing the World.* H. M.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But O, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting thrōng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell:
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherished joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

143 *Giving up the World.* L. M.

1 I LEAVE the world, its boasted store
Of pleasures that must quickly end:
I prize its vanities no more,
Since I have found the sinner's Friend.

2 I care not if the world revile,
The world that hates my Master's cause:
The world, I know, would quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.

3 Then farewell world, and farewell all
That dares contest a Saviour's claims:
I'll hear him and obey his call,
Regardless who approves or blames.

4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
Nor then will cease to sing his love:
For when my voice is lost in death,
'Twill join in nobler psalms above.

144 *"Old Things are passed away."* C. M.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

5 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

145 *The Friend of Sinners.* L. M.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 The mansion for thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 At length, I own it can not be,
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here now to thee I all resign—
Thine is the work, and only thine.

5 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love!
I part with every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died!

146 *The Cleansing Blood.* L. M.

1 We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

147 *None but Christ.* 7s.

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part:
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know:
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

148 *The Only Cure.* L. M.

1 WITH humble faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."

2 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

149 *"Thy Sins be Forgiven Thee."* C. M.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
Pronounce these words of peace;

And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
The hand that scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

150 *Mary's Choice.* L. M

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;

No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

151 *Aspirations.* C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art formed within;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light:—

3 Until released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs;
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to thee;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

152 "*Wash Me.*" C. M.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:

This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

153 *Clinging to God.* L. M.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space:
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;

And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every earthly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in thee.

154 *Entirely Thine.* C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide:
I give it all to thee.

155 *Surrender to Christ.* C. M.

1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall:
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face
And worship at thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given,
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

156 *Owning Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS, our best-beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire,
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven at thy right hand prepare:
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

157 *Self-dedication.* C. M.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

158 *Confessing Christ.* L. M.

1 O, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

159 "*Abide in Me, and I in you.*" C. M.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,

Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine!

160 *"Leaving us an Example."* C. M.

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Each other's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O, may we tread the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven.

161 *"I will Follow Thee."* 8s & 7s.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me:

O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine:
Think that Jesus died to save thee:
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

GRACES AND DUTIES.

162 *Plenteous Redemption.* **C. M.**

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

3 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

4 I can not rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou through whom I come to God,
Can'st to the utmost save.

5 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

6 I too with thee shall walk in white;
With all thy saints, shall prove
What is the length and breadth and height
And depth, of perfect love.

163 *The Unfailing Plea.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to dié,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 My anxious heart no joy could cheer,
On life's tempestuous sea;
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.

5 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

164 "*The Lord, our Righteousness.*" L. M.

1 My Saviour, when thy law demands
Full satisfaction at my hands,
Faith points to thine atonement made,
And pleads thy full obedience paid.

2 O God, thou art my righteousness,
A robe of light, a spotless dress;
Thyself, my title to thy love,
And to my heritage above.

3 Guilt cannot fill my soul with dread,
When, thus attired, I lift my head:
No angels have so high a claim,
As sinners pardoned in thy name.

165 *Atoning Blood.* C. M.

1 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near thy throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

166 *"To whom can we go but unto Thee?"* 7s & 6s.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulnesss dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:

5 I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

167 *An Ancient Hymn of Trust in Christ.* C. M.

1 Jesus, our fainting spirits cry,
When wilt thou show thy face?
O, when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with thy grace?

2 We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

3 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light!
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

4 Around thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven thy glory sings;
And earth, for which thou cam'st to die,
Loud with thy praises rings.

5 Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes thy face would see:
O, let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee!

168 *A Faithful Saviour.* C. M.

Job xix. 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

169 *Unfaltering Trust.* 7s & 6s.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?

In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
"The Lord will give thee peace."

170 *Trust in Jesus.* 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee!
Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust thy goodness to provide.

2 Trust thy saving love and power,
Trust thee every day and hour;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth.

3 Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;

Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust thy grace to make me whole.

4 Trust thee living, dying too,
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee, till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

5 Trust thee, ever blessed Lamb,
Till I wear the victor's palm;
Trust thee, till my soul shall be
Wholly swallowed up in thee.

171 "*We Love Him, because He first loved us.*" 8s & 7s.

1 WHEN I see thee, hanging, bleeding,
Dying on the cruel tree,
Pale in woe, yet interceding
For the men that murdered thee,
How can I refrain from giving
Life, and soul, and all away,
On thy promise ever living,
Thee adoring, night and day.

2 When I see thee upward breaking
From the tomb, on high to stand,
And thy rightful empire taking,
At the Father's blest right hand;
Can I longer doubt thy favour,
Or thy willingness to bless?

No, my interceding Saviour,
Words can ne'er my hope express.

3 When I feel the fresh bedewing
Of thy Spirit on my heart,
All the Father's mercy viewing,
In the gifts thy pangs impart;
Faith accepts the heavenly sealing,
Tenderness and joy combine,
Peace o'er all my soul is stealing,
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

4 Thus, when life's short day is ending,
And this mortal yields its power,
May thy Spirit condescending,
Cleanse and arm me for the hour;
At the river's bank arriving,
In thy smile I lose my fear,
Victory then crowns my striving,
Death is gain, for Christ is here!

172 *Confidence in Preserving Grace.* 8s.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The *terrors of law* and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;

My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes—I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

173 *Full Assurance.* L. M. 6 lines

1 Now I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus; for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look unto my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies;
Father, thy mercy never dies!

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,

This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

174 *Christ Precious.* C. M.

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

175 *"Lovest thou Me?"* C. M.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

176 *Love to the Redeemer.* 8s.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:

To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away;
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

177 *Indebtedness to Christ.* C. M.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

178 *"What shall I render unto the Lord?"* 8s & 7s.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth, thy praise.

179 *Gratitude to the Good Shepherd.* C. M.

1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thy amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

180 "*Unto Him that Loved us!*" C. M.
Rev. i. 5, 6.

1 To Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honours raised our head,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

181 *How much we Owe!* 7s, 6 lines.

1 When we stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not our own,
When we see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

2 When the praise of heaven we hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

182 *Gratitude and Hope.* C. M.

1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life,
His hand has been my guide;

And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But, O, I burn with strong desire,
To dwell with thee above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

183 *What shall I Render?* L. M.

1 My Saviour how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all thy glory show.

2 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief
Grav'n on my heart for ever be.

3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O, may I learn from thee, my God!

And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!

4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast;
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

184 *God, the soul's Portion.* C. M.

1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succour can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes— thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

185 "*Leave me Not!*" 6s & 4s.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When *death's cold,* sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;

Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove:
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

186 *Walking with God.* C M.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thy arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be passed;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

187 *Communion with God.* S. M.

1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait, my warmest love;
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

188 *"My Soul followeth hard after Thee."* L. M.

1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,

A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

3 When in the watches of the night,
Thee I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

189 *Prayer for Sanctification.* L. M.

1 LORD, dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
I seize with joy the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;

Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

190 *Pressing On.* C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,

When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

191 *"Fight the Good Fight of Faith."* S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;

Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

192 *The Cloud of Witnesses.* C. M.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

1 Lo, what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

193 *Perfect Peace.* 7s.

1 PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou, my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

194 *Clinging to Christ.* L. M.

1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,

Help us throughout life's changing scene,
In humble faith to cling to thee!

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still can we cling in faith to thee!

3 Though oft we seem to tread alone,
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling in faith to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling in faith to thee!

5 Bless'd is our lot whate'er befal,
Who can affright, or who appal—
Since as our Strength, our Rock, our All,
Jesus, we cling in faith to thee!

195 *Living to Christ.* L. M.
Phil. 1. 21.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?

'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

196 *Nearer to Thee.* 6s & 4s.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

197 *Rest and Refreshment in Christ.* C. M. double.
Matt. xi. 28.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in this light of life I'll walk,
'Till travelling days are done.

198 "*Abide with Us.*" C. M.

Luke xxiv. 29.

1 ABIDE among us with thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore;

Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve him we adore.

2 Abide among us with thy word,
Redeemer, whom we love,
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with thee above.

3 Abide among us with thy ray,
O Light that lightenest all,
And let thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
Our souls with grace and power now fill,
Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us, as our Shield,
O Captain of thy host;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, O let us prove,
And keep us true to thee.

199 *Christ Indwelling.* S. M.

1 O Saviour *of our race;*
Welcome indeed thou art.

Blessèd Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,
Within my spirit speak,
In that blest soul where thou art heard,
Peace dwells without a break.

3 Let nought be left within,
But cometh of thy hand;
Root quickly out the weeds of sin,
My cunning foe withstand.

4 Thou art the life, O Lord!
Sole Light of Life, thou art!
Let not thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

5 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away,
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day!

200 "*Like God.*" 7s.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me:
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 *Happy only* in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,

Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will,—thy will be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God!

201 "*Hold Thou me up.*" C. M.

1 We praise and bless thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all thou hast made new.

2 Thou, only thou, must carry on
The work thou hast begun:
Of thine own strength thou must impart,
In thine own ways to run.

3 Ah! leave us not—from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.

4 Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,
Or separate from thee,

That, Lord, remove, however dear
To the poor heart it be.

5 When the flesh sinks, then strengthen thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel thy service sweet,
And light thy yoke of love.

6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before the Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all thine own.

202 *Prayer for a Lowly Heart.* 8s & 7s.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honours aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

203 *A Child-like Spirit.* 7s, 6 lines.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,

May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

204 "*Undertake for Me.*" C. M.

1 THE burden of my sins, O Lord,
Is more than I can bear—
To thee I bring the guilty load,
To thee address my prayer.

2 For naught of good that I have done,
On thy dear name I call,
Alone upon the cross I lean,
My Saviour and my all.

3 Teach me to feel how weak I am
Without thy strengthening power,
And fresh supplies of grace renew
For every passing hour.

4 Dangers unseen on every side
Crowd thick life's troubled way,
O guard me through the shadowy night,
And guide my steps by day.

5 If sorrow shade, if grief oppress,
Whatever be thy will,
O, may I bow to thy behest,
And own thy mercy still.

6 And when the chilling shades of death
Obscure life's fading ray,
Through all may I descry the dawn
Of an eternal day.

205 "*O, Deliver Us!*" 8s, 7s & 4.

1 JESUS, Lord, we kneel before thee,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in thy spotless merit,
Only through thy precious blood:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

3 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

4 When *temptation* sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,

In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

5 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls on thee relying,
Find thee still our Hope and Stay!
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

7 Jesus, may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we now thy love possessing,
Find at last thy great reward;
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

206 "*Help, Lord!*" C.

1 *O* HELP *us,* Lord,—each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold indeed,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

207 *"O Thou that hearest Prayer."* 7s.

1 O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:

May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

3 Dearest Lord! may I so much
As thy garment's hem but touch,
Or but raise my languid eye
To the cross where thou didst die,
It shall make my spirit whole,—
It shall heal and save my soul.

4 Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust!
O, remember I'm but dust!
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

208 *"Casting all your Care upon Him."* S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

209 *"What I shall Choose, I wot not."* C. M.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,

And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

210 *The Cross and Crown.* C. M

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,—
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
For now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;

The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die!

6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from his throne come down,
And bear my soul away!

211 *The Ninety-first Psalm.* 8s & 7s.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all,

Plague shall not come near thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall:
He shall charge his angel-legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk in hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and true affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

212 "*Quicken me, O Lord!*" L. M.

1 O THOU who all things can'st control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Shine through my soul, dispel the night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 With lifted hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:

I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But, ah! how soon it dies away!

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord; and grant thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

213 "*One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.*" H. M.

1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne;
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe;
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

214 *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

215 "*See that ye Love one another.*" C .M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:

Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

216 *Welcome to a new Disciple.* C. M.

1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our Friend, our Brother now.

2 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
(Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,)
Freely with us partake.

3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;

Christians their mutual burden share,
They lend their mutual powers.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done,
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when by turns we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

217 *Prayer at Parting.* 7s.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship thee again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Songs of gladness will we raise;
And our souls shall bless the Lord,
And speak forth his glorious praise.

218 *Parting—to Meet Again.* S. M.

1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

219 *The Christian Farewell.* L. M.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;

Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

220 *United—though Separated.* C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 *O, may* we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;

Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

221 *Kindness to the Poor.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And, in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood—
A balm for every wound.

222 *"Ye have done it unto Me."* C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace,
Thy bounties how complete:
How shall we count the matchless sum,
Or pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

CONFLICTS AND TRIALS.

223 *All Things in Christ.* S. M.

1 THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The mind, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

3 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one;
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

224 *In Darkness, yet Trusting.* C. M.

1 My God!—O, could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend!

2 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

3 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

4 Speak, Lord! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O, smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart!

5 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs
To songs of sacred praise.

225 *Walking in Darkness.* S. M.

1 My God, to thee I call,
Must I for ever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all,—
O when wilt thou return?

2 Dark as the shades of night
My gloomy sorrows rise,
And hide thy soul reviving light
From these desiring eyes.

3 Dear Source of all my joys,
And solace of my care;
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice,
And grant my humble prayer!

4 These envious clouds remove,
Thy cheering light restore;
Confirm my interest in thy love
Till I can doubt no more.

5 Then if my troubles rise,
To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
And cast my cares on thee.

226 *"Cause thy Face to Shine."* C. M.

1 My Father, God, before thy face
I cast me in the dust;

Where is the hope of happier days,
Where is my wonted trust?

2 I shrink with fear and sore alarm,
When threatening ills I see,
As in mine hour of need, thine arm
No more could shelter me:—

3 As though thou could'st not see the grief
That makes my courage quail,
As though thou would'st not send relief,
When human helpers fail.

4 O Father, compass me about
With love, for I am weak;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
Thy pitying glance I seek.

5 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.

6 Though strange and winding seem the way,
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, Lord, dost all things well!

227 *The Wanderer Returning.* C. M

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,

Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to see thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

228 *"To whom can we Go but unto Thee?"* L. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, look on me!
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee;
Thou art my Refuge and my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;

Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
For thou, my Saviour, art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O, shed thou forth some cheering ray;
For thou, my Saviour, art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
For thou, my Saviour, art my Rock.

5 When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee—my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
For thou, my Saviour, art my Peace.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
For thou, my Saviour, art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
For thou, my Saviour, art my All.

229 "*Help Thou mine Unbelief.*" C. M.

1 Lord, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;

I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Can'st give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

230 "*Make Haste, O God, to deliver Me.*" L. M.

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me thy cheering face;
Enrich me with thy plenteous grace.

2 Deeply convinced of sin, I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die:
O may the world, may self, and pride,
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;

O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stayed upon thee, to thee resigned.

4 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see;
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

5 Then even in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove;
Assuredly, that God is love.

231 *Pleading with Jesus.* C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And, such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, sheltered near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive:"
'Tis Jesus speaks,—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

232 "*Remember Me.*" C. M.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my sad and burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
Dear Lord, remember me.

233 *Peace Returning.* C. M.

1 O SPEAK that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart;
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own,
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.

4 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine:
O keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

234 *Rest for weary Souls.* 7s.

1 Does the Gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee.

2 Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

3 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without:—

4 All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

5 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace.

6 Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

235 *Dejection Reproved.* L. M.

1 Be still my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares:
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How can'st thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first, before his mercy-seat,
Thou did'st to him thine all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

236 "*Before I was Afflicted, I went Astray.*" L. M.

1 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears a while to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode,
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

237 *Sorrowing, yet Rejoicing.* 11s.

1 For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,
And the slumber that sate on my pillow at night?

3 For this should I thank thee, but only for this,
I should leave half untold thy donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sorrow, for sickness, and care;
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—

4 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears:
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand has bestowed.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They left me no fruit—they are withered and gone;—
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me
As the message of mercy that led me to thee.

238 *In Great Tribulation.* 7s.

1 God, be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in thee,
And to thee, her Refuge, springs,
Be the shadow of thy wings

Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till this storm is overpast.

2 From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm Almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake;
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke will break my heart.

3 Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope and strength and courage fail;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

4 Poor and sorrowful am I,
Set me, O my God, on high:
Wonders thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

239 *"Be Thou my strong Habitation."* 7s.

1 LORD, thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms,
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.

Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in thee abate.
And this faith I long have nursed,
Comes alone, O God, from thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou did'st set this hope in me.

3 On thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitter, sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at thy feet.

4 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee,
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.

Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will,
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

240 *The Sure Covenant.* C. M.

1 My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

241 *Resignation.* C. M.

1 One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine;

Thy will, my God, thy will be done
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, All-mighty, and All-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember, that to thee
Whate'er I have, I owe;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above,
Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
I'll love thee for thy love.

242 *"My Times are in Thy hand."* S. 1

1 "My times are in thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;

Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"—
Jesus the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand,"
I'll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

243 *"Looking unto Jesus."* 7s.

1 WHEN, along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee;
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
Listenest to thy people's moan;

Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear:
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gate of heaven:
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home:
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

244 *Reliance upon the Saviour.* S. M.

1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;

Safe on thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

245 "*Not my will, but Thine.*" C. M.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNES

246 *The Power of Prayer.*

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wiel
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on hig
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the w
To bring salvation down!

247 *The Throne of Grace.* S. M.

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

248 *The Blessed Hour.* L. M.

1 Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God,—the gate of heaven!

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

249 *The Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

250 *"O Thou that hearest Prayer."* C. M.

1 Look thou, O Lord, on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach thy mercy-seat.

2 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was expressed;
But God, through Christ, we now behold
In flesh made manifest.

3 Through him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.

4 Touched with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus, our High Priest, stands;
All our infirmities he knows,
Our souls are in his hands.

5 He bears them up with strength divine,
When at thy feet we fall;
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine;
Hear us,—on thee we call.

251 *Preparation of the Heart.* C. M.

1 Oppressed with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

2 God of all grace, we bring to thee
A broken, contrite heart;
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live;—

4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone;—

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

252 *My Charge.* S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

253 "*Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies.*" L. M.

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

254 *"From Me is thy fruit found."* C. M.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is all in all.

255 "*Watch!*" S. M.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

256 "*Watch and Pray!*" S. M Double.

1 Ah, when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing power;
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Look up to God my soul to keep,
And ever watch in prayer.

2 O, could I always pray,
And never, never faint—
Freely to God might I convey
Each woe and each complaint;
Before him might I lie,
And tell him all my care;
And Father, Abba Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer!

3 My Saviour, I would wait,
Till thou shalt make me whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In my believing soul;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

257 *"The Bridegroom Cometh!"* 7s & 6s.

1 REJOICE, rejoice believers!
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising;
And soon will he draw nigh:
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 O, wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

THE CHURCH.

258 *On laying the Corner-Stone of a Church.* C. M.

1 THE ground on which this day we stand,
Holy henceforth shall be,
For thus, Lord God of sea and land,
Thine own we render thee.

2 Maker and Builder thou, of all
Around us and above,
On thine Almighty name we call
To crown our work of love.

3 An earthly temple to thy praise,
Our labouring hands would pile;
Do thou a sacred temple raise,
Within its walls, the while.

4 Of living stones that temple frame,
Founded on Christ alone,
Inscribed with his exalted name,
By all men read and known.

5 From thence, as time and tide roll by,
May ransomed souls ascend,
Safe in their Father's home on high,
Eternity to spend.

DEDICATION.

259 *Dedication of a Church.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 FROM highest heaven, the Father's Son,
Descending like that mystic stone
Cut from a mountain without hands,
Came down below, and filled all lands;
Uniting, midway in the sky,
His house on earth, and house on high.

2 That house on high— it ever rings
With praises of the King of kings;
For ever there, on harps divine,
They hymn the eternal One and Trine;
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Zion's song.

3 O Lord of lords invisible;
With thy pure light this temple fill:
Hither, oft as invoked, descend;
Here to thy people's prayer attend:
Here, through all hearts for evermore,
The Spirit's quickening graces pour.

4 Here may the faithful, day by day,
In kneeling adoration pray;
And here *receive from* thy dear love
The blessings of that home above;

Till, loosened from this mortal chain,
Its everlasting joys they gain.

5 To God the Father, glory due,
And to his only Son most true,
With thee, O mighty Holy Ghost,
Be paid by all the heavenly host;
To whom praise, power, and blessing, be
Through ages of eternity.

260 *Nature's Temple.* L. M.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo, the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rung,
The morning stars together sung.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, built with hands.

261 "*Will God, indeed, dwell on the Earth?*" L. M.

1 O THOU, who did'st the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold thy face:
O make this tabernacle thine,
O sanctify this holy place.

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire:
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place:
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to thy name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

262 *Dedication.* 8s, & 7s, 6 lines.

1 COME thou now, and be among us,
Lord and Maker, while we pray:

Let thy presence fill the temple
Which we dedicate to-day;
And thyself its Consecrator,
Dwell within its walls alway.

2 Grant that all thy faithful people
May thy truer temple be;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit,
Know another Lord than thee:
But to thee once dedicated,
Serve thee everlastingly.

3 Bright be here the Monarch's altar,
With the presents that we bring:
Held in holy veneration,
Rich with many an offering;
Ever hallowed, ever quiet,
Ever dear to God its King.

4 Here our souls, as thy true altars,
Deign to hallow and to bless,
O thou future Judge of all men,
With thy grace and holiness;
That thy gifts, sent down from heaven,
We may evermore possess.

5 Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;

Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

263 "*The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.*" L. M. 6 lines.

1 ENTHRONED in light, eternal God,
The highest heaven is thy abode;
Yet thou with us wilt deign to dwell;
Thou lov'st the gates of Zion well:
On Salem's peaceful hill we raise
A sacred temple to thy praise.

2 Here let the pilgrim find the road
That leads the wandering soul to God;
Here sorrow lift her tearful eye,
Allured to brighter scenes on high;
The weary spirit find repose,
And at the cross forget her woes.

3 Our God, our fathers' God, we raise
This sacred temple to thy praise;
Here, safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
Shall contrite souls their offerings bring,
Till called to soar and join the song
Which swells amid the heavenly throng.

CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

264 *Intercession for Ministers.* C. M.

1 LORD, thine appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to thee.

2 Uphold them by Almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer thou their fainting heart.

3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified.

4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given;
That they who preach, and they who hear,
May sing thy praise in heaven.

265 *For the Success of Ministers.* L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee:
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O, clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

266 *For an Assembly of Ministers.* L. M.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee;
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the Churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:—

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

267 *For an Assembly of Ministers.* L. M.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their offering bring;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly comforts, peaceful days.

2 While angels sound thy glorious name,
Our lips thy saving grace proclaim;
We sing the conquests of thy word,
And publish all thy truths abroad.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And while we taste thy heavenly love,
We would be like thy saints above.

4 Still in thy work would we abound,
Would prune the vine, or sow the ground;
Thy flock with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with untiring heed.

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our hope below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our sweet employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

268 *Prayer for more Labourers.* S. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

269 *Prayer for more Labourers.* L. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth labourers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the labourers few.

3 Led by thine own Almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Trained by the influence of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
Till every kingdom shall be thine.

270 *Prayer of a Church seeking a Pastor.* L. M

1 GREAT King of Zion, bend thine ear,
Our anxious prayer in mercy hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

4 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

271 *On the Death of a Pastor.* S. M.

1 Rest from thy labours, rest,
Soul of the just set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Now toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place,
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into thy hands,
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thy own commands,—
We were not *his*, but *thine*.

4 Thou art thy church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead,—
To thee we lift our eye;—

5 On thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock,
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

BAPTISM.

272 *The Vow.* L. M.

1 I AM baptized into thy name,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Among thy seed a place I claim,
Among thy consecrated host.

2 My loving Father, here dost thou
Proclaim me as thy child and heir;
My faithful Saviour bid'st me now
The fruit of all thy sorrows share.

3 And I have promised fear and love,
And to obey thee, Lord, alone;
I feel thy Spirit in me move,
And dare to pledge myself thine own.

4 My faithful God, upon thy side,
This covenant standeth fast for aye,
If I transgress through fear or pride,
O cast me therefore not away.

5 I bring thee here, my God, anew
Of all I am or have, the whole;
Quicken my life, and make me true,
Take full possession of my soul.

6 And never let me waver more,
Still keep me in thy faithful host,
Till at thy will this life is o'er,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

273 *Baptism of a Child.* 7s.

1 HEAVENLY Father! may thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God! be with us here;
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost! to thee we cry:
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display;
Seal {him / her} to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from thee;
Thine shall all the glory be!

274 *"He shall carry the Lambs in his Bosom."* L. M.

1 WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 His love, with gentle accents, sheds
A blessing on our infants' heads;
Bids us for infants seek his face,
And ask for them renewing grace.

3 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

4 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring;
O grant them grace and strength, that they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

275 *Baptism of a Child.* L. M

2 ETERNAL God, in whom we live,
From whom all blessings we receive;
Ourselves and ours we owe to thee,
And thine we would for ever be.

2 To thee our child this day we bring,
Our willing, grateful offering;
Accept {him / her}, Lord, as henceforth thine,
To thee we all our right resign.

3 Lord, in the covenant of thy grace,
Grant this dear child an humble place;
And with the outward seal now given,
Prepare {him / her} for a home in heaven.

276 *Blessings Implored.* C. M.

1 Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls remove,
And bring our children there.

277 *Prayer for Children.* 7s.

1 God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessing share;
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy, hear.

278 *After Baptism or the Lord's Supper.* C. M.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove,—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

279 *Compassion of a Dying Christ.* L. M.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

3 Here we have washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly blood;
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

4 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

280 *Covenanting with God.* C. M.

1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
The great engagement seal.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow;
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey;
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

281 *"And such were Some of You."* C. M.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place—

2 I, who am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room;
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come!

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

5 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

282 *A Communion Psalm.* L. M.

1 To Jesus our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad return of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more,
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

283 *The Unworthy made Welcome.* C. M.

1 O, BLESS the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

2 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear;
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

3 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

4 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

284 *"In Remembrance of Me."* L. M

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:

Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

285 *Communion with Christ.* L. M.

1 I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

286 "*He brought me to the banqueting house.*" 8s & 7s

1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine!
Now, our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below,
On thy faithful word reposing,
Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove.
Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of woe;
And with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

287 *The Lord's Supper.* C. M.

1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast,
The earnest of thy love,
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,—
The hope that never tires,—
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,—
The joy that heaven inspires,—

3 Still may their light, our duties trace,
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the Prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer,—

5 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste;—

6 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those, who within these courts below,
Have thus remembered thee.

288 *"Thine is the Glory."* L. M.

1 Now at the Lamb's great paschal feast,
Arrayed in blood-washed robes, we sing:
Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
By Jesus, our immortal King.

2 Hail victor Christ! Triumphant Lord!
To thee alone belongs the crown,
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred,
And dragged the prince of darkness down.

3 O Jesus, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray: so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy,
Of all the souls new born in thee.

REVIVAL.

289 *"Build thou the Walls of Jerusalem."* L. M.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many numbered with the dead.

4 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

5 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

290 *"O Lord, Revive thy Work."* S. M.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make our feeble graces thrive,
By thy restoring power.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer!
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
O, come, and bring salvation near!—
Our souls on thee rely.

291 . *Increase of Grace.* **L. M.**

1 O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure;
Conformed in all things to our Head.

292 *"Wilt thou not Revive us Again?"* **S. M.**

1 O FOR the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs;
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

4 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

5 Thou, thou alone can'st give
Thy gospel sure success;
Can'st bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

6 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church like that above.

293 *Rejoicing in a Revival.* L. M.

1 Rejoice, for Christ the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name—
In songs as lofty as his love.

294 *Joy in a Revival.* H. M.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age its tribute brings,
And bows to thee, the King of kings.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway.
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain.
When earth and time no more endure,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

MISSIONS.

295 *"Let there be Light!"* 6s & 4s.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might—
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
Let there be light.

296 "*Arise, shine! for thy Light is Come!*" 11s.

1 RISE, Daughter of Zion! thy mourning is o'er,
The night that hath veiled thee shall veil thee no more:
Wear the robes of the morning; arise thou, and shine,
For the beauty and light of Jehovah are thine.

2 O lift up thine eyes, look around thee, and see,
How thy children are gathering together to thee;
Like doves on the wing, flying home to be blest,
At thine altar with praise, in thy bosom with rest.

3 From the sea's farthest shores, and like its full tide,
The nations, new-born, how they flow to thy side;
To freedom forth springing, thy light having seen,
They bless thee a Mother, and hail thee a Queen.

4 In thy kingdom of love shall all violence cease,
Thine exactors be justice, thine officers peace;
Thy people all righteous, and truth all thy ways,
Thy gates are salvation, thy portals are praise.

5 Jehovah, thy beauty, thy brightness, thy crown,
Thy moon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er go down,
And the tide of thy glory no ebbing to know,
From ages eternal to ages shall flow.

297 *"Put on Thy beautiful Garments."* L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;

The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host,
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
To share, and echo back thy joys;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

298 "*They may forget, yet will not I.*" 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favoured lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

299 *"Mercy and Truth are met together."* C. M.

1 The Lord will come and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

300 "*The Lord shall arise upon Thee.*" H. M.

1 Rise, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
O, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day.

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,

And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise till time shall end.

301 *The Universal King.* L. M.

1 JESUS, immortal King, go on;
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquered world to thee.

2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief,
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.

3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace:
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons for war designed shall cease,
Or then, be implements of peace.

5 Hark, how the host triumphant sing;
The Lord omnipotent is King!
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his.

302 "*With great Mercies will I gather thee.*" 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,—
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

303 *"Thy Kingdom Come."* S. M.

1 O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

304 *Praise to the Redeemer.* 7s & 6s.
Isa. xlii. 10—12.

1 BREAK forth, O earth, in singing
The Saviour's worthy praise;
To him your tribute bringing,
The notes of gladness raise;
Ye distant lands confessing
His great, exalted name,

To him new songs addressing,
His grace and love proclaim.

2 Exult, ye sons of ocean,
And islands of the sea;
In calm or in commotion,
When ye his wonders see:
With grateful adoration
His power and goodness sing,
Ascribe to him salvation,
Fresh honours to him bring.

3 Ye desert tribes receiving
The word of life, rejoice;
The gospel news believing,
Lift up the tuneful voice;
O, shout, ye rocks and mountains,
And hymns of glory raise;
Ye hills, and vales, and fountains,
Declare Messiah's praise.

305 *Christ the Conqueror.* C. M.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,

And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

306 *The Ingathering of Israel.* 7s & 6s.

1 O that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home;
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;

Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart,
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

307 *"The Sun of Righteousness shall Arise."* L. M.

1 THOU Sun of Righteousness arise,
Display thy glory to our eyes,
For nations long that light to see,
And earth's dark places wait for thee.

2 Thou art the hope of every clime,
Thou art the promise of all time,
The bondman's strength, the sinner's trust,
The expectation of the just.

3 Temples and thrones have been cast down,
But thine is an eternal crown,
A royalty that shall not cease;
Arise and give the nations peace.

308 *Christ's Millenial Reign.* 7s & 6s.

Ps. lxxii.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light;
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be fearéd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverénd;
For he shall judge the poor
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;

And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—LOVE.

309 *Departure of Missionaries.* S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we see the blest reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O happy, happy place
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

5 When all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering, and our pain,
We'll meet on that eternal shore,
And never part again.

310 *Departure of Missionaries.* 7s & 6s.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below:
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence still be with them,
Wherever they may be:
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee!

311 *A Missionary Commended to God.* C. M.

1 Father of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace:
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5 Then followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

312 *The Missionary's Farewell.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Yes—my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home!—thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say at last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land—farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

THE YOUNG.

313 *Thy little flock in safety keep.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy "little flock" in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

3 O, teach them to discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heavenly fold above.

314 *"Remember now thy Creator."* C. M.
Eccl. xii. 1.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

315 *For the Holy Spirit.* 7s.

1 My Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 I plead the name of thy dear Son;
All he has said, all he has done;
O may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free!

3 To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

316 *Parents interceding for their Children.* S. M.

1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear.
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock;
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend,
O come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend,
By thy resistless power.

317 *A Youth seeking Wisdom.* L. M.

1 Kings iii. 7—9.

1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor fleeting pleasures of an hour:

My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 One thing I ask;—Lord, wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?—
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:—

3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and kéep his word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

4 Then shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

318 *Our Shepherd.* 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favour;
Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

319 *"Suffer little Children to come unto Me."* C. M.

1 SAVIOUR, thy precept is not hid,
Nor is thy love forgot—
We come, whom thou did'st not forbid,
And man forbids us not.

2 To us thy heavenly grace impart,
And let the words of truth
Be inly grafted in our heart,
And nurtured in our youth.

3 O, with the seed thy sowers sow,
That early dew distil,
By which we may not only know,
But love, and do, thy will.

4 Though feeble is our faith and weak,
Yet do not thou repress

Their near approach, who early seek
Thy love and holiness.

5 O hear us as with one accord,
Our grateful song we raise,
And out of children's mouths, O Lord,
Again perfect thy praise.

320 *"Thou art the Guide of my Youth."* S. M.

1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 O, let us never tread
The broad, destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

321 *Youthful Consecration.* 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.
Take me, now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine:
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

322 *The Young imploring Divine Guidance.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, our Father and our Friend,
On whom we cast our constant care,
On whom for all things we depend,
To thee we raise our humble prayer.

2 Endue us with a holy fear;
The frailty of our hearts reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near—
Thee may we always nearer feel.

3 O, that to thee each youthful mind
May with a steadfast love aspire;
The path of wisdom early find,
And check the rise of wrong desire.

4 O, that our watchful souls may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within.

5 Search, gracious God, each inmost heart;
From guilt and error set us free;
Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

323 *Prayer of the Young.* L. M.

1 O LORD, before thy gracious throne,
In Jesus' name we humbly bend;

Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our Friend.

2 Thou did'st on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4 O, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

324 *Our Father in Heaven.* 12s.

1 Our Father in heaven, thou madest the earth;
The sun and the stars to thy word owe their birth;
By thee were they formed, by thy counsel they stand,
And *we* are thy children, the work of thy hand.

2 Thou gavest our life; to thy goodness we owe
All the blessings that bloom round our pathway below;
In thousand endearments thy love we may read,
Declaring that thou art our Father indeed.

3 But, ah, we have wandered, as sheep, from thy fold,
And the hearts of thy children through sin have grown cold,
Though young we have err'd, and would humbly implore
The mercy we need, that we wander no more.

4 We own we are guilty—but Jesus has died—
And shall we, when pleading his name, be denied?
Ah no, thou hast promised that plea thou wilt heed,
And through thy free grace make us children indeed.

5 Yet awhile 'tis thy will that on earth we remain
Exposed to dark trial, temptation, and pain;
Yet *here* but as pilgrims and strangers we roam,
For if thou art our Father, then heaven is our home.

6 Yes, there shall we gather around the glad throne
With angels, and wearing robes bright as their own,
Where the praise of thy children shall rise without rest
To Father, Son, Spirit—one God ever blest.

CHILDREN AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

325 *Children's Praise to the Trinity.* 7s.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Be this day a Pentecost;
All our minds may he inspire,—
Touch our tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

326 "*Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*" C. M. (*with Chorus.*)

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,

Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that cannot fade:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,—
How came those children there?
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;

So now they see his blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb:
Singing—Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

327 *"Wilt thou Bless us?"* 8s & 6.

1 Once around the Saviour pressing,
Children came to seek his blessing;
We too come, our need confessing—
Dear Jesus, wilt thou bless?

2 While our fresh, young lips are singing,
Hopes within our hearts are springing,
And our little hands are clinging
To thee, in earnestness.

3 To our childish voices, blending
In the song to thee ascending,
Thou a listening ear art lending;
O bless us with thy love.

4 Hear, dear Jesus, for we're praying,
That thou'lt keep our feet from straying,
Keep our little feet from straying—
And lead them home above.

5 All along our pathway growing,
Flowers of sin are brightly glowing;
Keep our hands their thorns from knowing—
O keep us, Lord, from sin.

6 Only love's pure blossoms grasping;
Eyes uplifted, guidance asking,
To our hearts the dear cross clasping—
May we all heaven win.

328 *Children's Song of the Happy Land.* 6s, 4s & 7.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright, as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,—
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:

O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

329 *The Hosannas of Children.* 7s, & 6s.

1 When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.

But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

330 *Child's Communion with Christ.* C. M.

1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

6 To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
While ceaseless ages run!

331 *The Spring.* S. M. Double.

1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades of darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops:

But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

332 *The Shining Shore.* 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, O for ever!

CHORUS.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

333 *The Child's Desire.* 11s & 9s.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

334 *The Joyful Choir.* 8s & 7s.

1 WHO shall sing if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?

May they not with other jewels
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given,
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven,
They begin to practise here?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
O, 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
O, they cannot sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds sing while the day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

335 *Joyfully! Joyfully!* 10s.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blesséd, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow,
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

336 *Praise to the Redeemer.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LORD, while holy angels praise thee,
In their never-ceasing songs;
While thy saints delight to bless thee—
Thee to whom all praise belongs,
Wilt thou hearken
To the praise of infant tongues?

2 Yes, we know our feeble voices
Thou dost condescend to hear;
Thou can'st perfect thine own praises
From the mouths of children here;
None so humble,
But their voice may reach thine ear.

3 Thanks we give thee, O our Saviour!
Who did'st come to save the lost;
Thine own blood, Divine Redeemer!
Was the price our ransom cost:
Thou can'st save us
Even to the uttermost.

4 While we sing our glad hosannas,
While our tongues thy love proclaim,
Pour, O pour thy Spirit on us—
Us for thine own children claim;
So, for ever,
We will love and praise thy name.

337 *Saviour, hear us!* 8s & 7s.

1 JESUS Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Who hast bid us come to thee,
Now extend to us thy favour,
Little children though we be;
Low we humbly bend before thee,
All unworthy of thy love;
Lord of life, and light, and glory!
Hear us from thy throne above.

2 Thou who holdest high dominion
Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet didst bless the little children
That of old were brought to thee:
Lord, this day we ask thy blessing;
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
May we all, our sins confessing,
Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

3 So, when death this frame shall sever,
(For we know that all must die,)
May our souls, O Lord, for ever
Live and reign with thee on high:
O that we, to whom 'tis given
Here to join in praise and prayer,
May, around thy throne in heaven
Meet, and none be wanting there.

338 *United praise of Teachers and Scholars.* H. M.

1. COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone all praise belongs,—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught;

To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless:
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise, throughout eternity.

339 *For a Sabbath School Anniversary.* 5s.

1 O COME, let us raise
Our tribute of song;
Thanksgiving and praise
To Jesus belong;—
He came from above
Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love,
And free us from sin.

2 The old and the young,
His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue,
In him may rejoice:—
We meet him to-day
Triumphantly crowned,
And welcome his way,
In chorus around.

3 Hosanna!—that word
To children is dear;
To Jesus our Lord,
We'll echo it here;—
Let worldlings despise,
And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise,
Hosannas prevail.

4 God's temple shall ring,
While under his eye,
Hosanna we sing,
For Jesus draws nigh:
Hosanna! our breath
Through life shall proclaim;
Hosanna! in death,—
In glory, the same!

340 *For an Anniversary.* 7s & 6s.

1 To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 And may the precious Gospel
Be published all abroad,

Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness,
Arise to light divine.

341 *A Child's Prayer.* C. M.

1 A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed;
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

2 From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

3 But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek will find.

4 To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

5 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,

That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

342 *Sabbath School Teachers' Prayer.* 8s & 7s.

1 Saviour King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favour now.
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day.
Raise we then in glad emotion
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King.

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move.
O that He, the Ever—living,
May descend, as fruitful rain,

Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossom as the rose again.

4 Then may they whom we have guided
Life's tempestuous ocean o'er,
In the home thou hast provided,
Meet us, to depart no more.
There, beside the crystal river,
Flowing from the eternal throne,
Shall arise to thee for ever,
Praise more sweet than earth has known.

343 *Teachers' Prayer.* L. M

1 MAY we who teach the rising race
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach, impart;
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found,
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour not in vain.

4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
O, welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

344 *Divine Influence Implored.* S. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, hear,
On us look kindly down;
Our humble labours deign to cheer,
And with thy favour crown.

2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow;
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Richly do thou bestow.

3 That seed will buried lie,
Till thou the increase give;
Yet, then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.

4 O Sun of Righteousness,
Shine in each youthful heart;
Thine influence on their souls impress,
And grace divine impart.

5 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long with thankful voice,
Both *they who sow* and they who reap,
Together shall rejoice.

6 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

345 *For a Teachers' Meeting.* 7s

1 GOD of union, God of love,
With thy sanctifying power,
From the realms of light above,
Bless us in this solemn hour.

2 Holy Ghost, descend and bring
Heavenly peace and godly fear;
And beneath thy guardian wing,
Shelter all before thee here.

3 Bless our tender charge; impart
What shall most to thee incline;
O, reclaim each wandering heart,
Seal them! Seal them ever thine.

4 Bless their teachers, grant to each
All our great employments need;
Show us rightly how to teach
Not by word alone, but deed.

5 Make us faithful to the end,
While our duties we fulfil;
And the promised blessing send,
Like the dew on Hermon's hill.

TIMES AND OCCASIONS.

346 *For a New Year or Birth-Day.* **C. M.**

1 LORD of my life, whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
Thy hand has kept me to this hour,
From danger and from death.

2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How numerous do my sins appear,
How great thy mercies, too.

3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my earlier days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.

4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.

5 How long or short my course may be,
'Tis not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favour grow.

347 *The New Year.* 8s & 7s.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught us
We should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought us
On through dangers oft unknown.
When we wandered, thou hast found us;
When we doubted, sent us light;
Still thine arm has been around us,
All our paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail us,
Craftier, stronger far than we;
And the strife shall never fail us,
Well we know, before we die.
Therefore, Lord, we come, believing
Thou can'st give the power we need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 We would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, our only guard from harm!
Keep us from our own undoing,
Help us turn to thee when tried,
Still our footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep us ever at thy side.

348 *Opening or Close of the Year.* C. M.

1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed:
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

349 *The New Year.* 7s.

1 Bless, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here:
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where *thou hast* thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;

Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

350 *Praise for Annual Mercies.* L. M.

1 Our Helper, God, we bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy loving care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we survey our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And, while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

351 *National Thanksgiving.* 7s.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

352 *Thanksgiving Day.* **L. M.**

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled;
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored:—
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord!

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour,
Around it let no tempests lower!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

353 *Our Country—Praise and Prayer.* **H. M.**

1 BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,

And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring,
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

2 The nation thou hast blest,
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, *obey, rejoice,*
And worship Him alone.

Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band;
A countless throng
Ever to sing,
To heaven's high King,
Salvation's song.

354 *Fast-Day.* 8s & 7s.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

355 *Public Humiliation.* L. M.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,—
Thy goodness all thy creatures share,
And nature trembles at thy power.

2 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

3 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

356 *Fast-Day.* L. M.

1 O LORD our God, with earnest care,
With contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
We pray for pardon from above.

2 Be *present now, be* present here,
And mark thy Church's falling tear;

And own the grief that fills her eyes,
In mourning her iniquities.

3 O by thy grace be pardon won,
For sins that former years have done;
And let thy mercy guard us still,
From crimes that threaten future ill.

4 So mortify our every sense,
Through grace of outward abstinence,
That from each stain and spot of sin,
Our souls may keep their fast within.

5 O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

357 *Fast-Day.* L. M.

1 Thou loving Saviour of mankind,
Before thy throne we pray and weep;
O, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly thy Church's fast to keep.

2 Searcher of hearts! thou dost our ills
Discern, and all our weakness know:
Again to thee in tears we turn;
Again to us thy mercy show.

3 Much have we sinned, but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore:

O, for the praise of thy great name,
These fainting souls to health restore.

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

5 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
Sole Unity, thou God of love!
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below,
To reap immortal fruit above.

358 *The Hiding of God's Countenance.* L. M.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
And when to happier days we turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn.

2 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone—
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

3 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds his healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

4 Yet still thy name be ever blessed,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;

Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King.

359 *Impending Judgments.* C. M.

1 Come, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

360 *Prayer amidst Divine Judgments.* L. M.

1 On thee, O Lord our God, we call,
Before thy throne devoutly fall;
O, whither should the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O, spare our guilty country, spare
The Church thine hand hath planted here.

3 We plead thy grace, indulgent God!
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;—
And are they unavailing pleas?

4 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

361 *In War.* L. M.

1 Lord, may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

2 Let past experience of thy care,
Support our hope, our trust invite;
Again attend our humble prayer,
Again be mercy thy delight.

3 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

4 O let the gospel's healing ray,
True source of amity divine,
Spread o'er the world its heavenly day,
And all the nations, Lord, be thine!

362 *In War.* L. M.

1 While Justice waves her vengeful hand,
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling we adore.

2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

3 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.

4 O let thy sovereign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart;
And bid sincere repentance flow,
In general, undissembled woe.

5 Fair smiling peace again restore;
With plenty bless the pining poor,
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

363 *Our Country.* C. M.

1 O GUARD our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

2 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

3 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

364 *During a Pestilence.* L. M.

1 IT is the Lord,—Behold his hand
Outstretched with an afflictive rod;
And hark, a voice goes through the land,
"Be still, and know that I am God."

2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades our darker fears?
For who his coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when he appears?

3 No,—let us throng around his seat;
No,—let us meet him face to face,
Prostrate our spirits at his feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain his judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

5 He will, he will, for Jesus pleads;
Let heaven and earth his love record;
For us, for us, he intercedes;
Our help is nigh:—it is the Lord.

365 *During a Pestilence.* C. M.

1 Let the land mourn through all its coasts,
And humble all its state;
Princes and rulers, at their posts,
Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let priests and people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great, and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summoned from his place
Death, in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquake, fire, or storm.

4 Let churches weep within their pale,
And families apart;
Let each in secrecy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy tempering wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

366 *After a Pestilence.* H. M.

1 Sing Hallelujah; sing
Glory to God alone;
Bring your oblations, bring
Thank-offerings to the throne;
Take words of joy, of comfort take,
Awake to love, to life awake.

2 The Lord put forth his hand,
He touched us and we died;
Vengeance went through the land,
But mercy walked beside;
He heard our prayers, he saw our tears,
And stayed the plague, and quelled our fears.

3 What shall we give to thee?
O Thou, whose purer eyes
Behold iniquity
In man's best sacrifice?
Ourselves we give, but rest our claim
On Christ, and know none other name.

4 For Jesus' sake forgive
Thy people, Lord, and spare,

To him and thee to live,
For thine and his we are;
Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath,
Thy Son, by death, has conquered death.

367 *After a Pestilence.* 7s.

1 WALKING on the wingéd wind,
Fear before him, Death behind;
When the Lord came down in wrath,
Clouds and darkness girt his path.

2 Thence abroad his arrows flew,
Thick and fast they smote and slew;
We in dust and ashes lay,
None could help,—but all could pray.

3 Prayer prevailed amidst despair,
God delights to honour prayer;
Judgment laid its terrors by,
Mercy beamed o'er earth and sky.

4 Now be sorrow turned to song,
Let the bruised reed grow strong,
Smoking flax break forth and blaze,
Prayer transform itself to praise.

5 Let the living now record
All the goodness of the Lord;
Him let the redeemed adore,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

368 *In Time of Drought.* C. M.

1 How hast thou, Lord, in righteous wrath,
Blasted our promised joy!
The elements obeyed thy nod,
Our prospects to destroy.

2 The sun, at thy dread order, now
Darts down destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parched with drought,
And blooming life expires.

3 Like burnished brass the heaven around
In angry terrors burns,
While earth appears a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

4 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send.

369 *Prayer for Rain.* C. M.

1 Now may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend
For life, and health, and food;

O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.

3 Let grace come down, like copious rain,
On Zion's drooping field;
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.

4 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays.

370 *Prayer for Rain.* S. M.

1 O LORD, in mercy spare
The herbage of the field;
And under thy paternal care,
May it abundance yield.

2 Restrain the burning ray,
And grant refreshing rains;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parched plains.

3 Then we our praise will show,
To our Preserver, God;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his name abroad.

371 *A Harvest Hymn.* C. M.

1 To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the labourers behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

372 *A Wet Harvest Season.* L. M.

1 We lift our eyes, our hands, to thee,
Our knees, our souls, to thee we bend;
Father of all earth's family,
The appointed weeks of harvest send.

2 The ground, thy table, is full-spread
With food to nourish man and beast,
Hast thou prepared the children's bread,
And wilt thou now forbid the feast?

3 Summer and winter, day and night,
Seed-time and harvest thou hast willed;
And dew and rain, and warmth and light,
Have each their gracious work fulfilled.

4 Shall whelming floods the hopes destroy
Of those who in thy promise trust?
Shall storms prevent the reaper's joy,
And lay his confidence in dust?

5 O bid the winds and waters cease,
The lowering firmament unshroud;
Think on thy covenant of peace,
Look on thy bow,—'tis in the cloud!

6 We fall adoring at thy feet,
Our prayer is heard, the veil is riven;
With pure heart-offerings let us eat
The bread that cometh down from heaven.

373 *Prayer of the Poor in a Time of Scarcity.* L. M.

1 To God most awful and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
To him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
The harvests perish, at her breath;
Her train are want, disease, and death.

3 But when he smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

4 Father of grace, whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor;
The poor on thee alone depend,
Continue thou the poor man's Friend.

5 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain;
Meanwhile, by thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

374 *After a Sermon for the Relief of the Poor.* C. M.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise:
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray;
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourner's care.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the Living Bread.

5 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

375 *Prayer for the Sailor.* 7s.

1 WHEN the parting bosom bleeds,
When their native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes them to her trust again,
Father! view the sailor's woe—
Guide them wheresoe'er they go.

2 When the lonely watch they keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear them daily on their course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on their head.

3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,

Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to th' unresting sea.

4 When the raging billows dark
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark,
Thou who on the whelming wave
Did'st the loved disciples save,
Thou can'st hear them when they pray,—
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay!

376 *Prayer for Seamen.* C. M.

1 We come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 O may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops on the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

377 *Embarking.* 7s.

1 Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;

In the hollow of thy hand,
Hide and bring us safe to land.

2 Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come, by faith, to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

378 *Prayer for Persons gone to Sea.* L. M.

1 WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
O, let thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O, hide them safe in Jesus' ark;

When in the tempting port they ride,
O, keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

379 *For a Charity School.* L. C. M.

1 GREAT God, our voice to thee we raise,
Tune thou our lips and hearts with praise,
Thy goodness to adore:
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise, on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor.

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings:
Our Shield and Refuge be:
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
Through Christ, the Life, the Way, the Truth,
That we may come to thee.

3 While friends their generous aid afford,
Accept the kind intention, Lord,
And crown it with thy love;
Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues
In nobler praise above.

380 *For a Charity School.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercy, hear our prayers
For those who do us good;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

2 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

3 Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou the unfailing Spring.

4 For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare;
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there.

381 *Marriage Hymn.* 7s, & 6s.

1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruits and flowers
The laughing soil was dressed,

And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest,—

2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good.
Yet in that hour of blessing
A single want was known,—
A wish the heart distressing,—
For Adam was alone.

3 Thou God of pure affection,
By men and saints adored,
O, give us thy protection
Around this nuptial board;
May thy rich bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one.

382 *Marriage Hymn.* C. M.

1 Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;

Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

383 *Marriage Hymn.* C. M.

1 We join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from thee,
On those who now the bands have twined
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given;
But over all give thou the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,
Joint pilgrims may they go;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.

4 May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love;
In faith and trust and heart the same,
The same their home above.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

384 "*He setteth the Solitary in Families.*" L. M.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand,
Their root and branches are sustained.

2 To God most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present their vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While we with thankful hearts, remove
To join the family above.

385 *A Family Altar Erected.* S. M.

1 In all our ways, O God,
We would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep our hearts and house
From all defilement free.

2 Where'er we have a tent,
An altar will we raise;
And thither our oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 O hear thy servants, Lord,
And let our household be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A dwelling meet for thee.

386 *On a Change of Residence.* L. M.

1 Sole Sovereign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.

2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home;

We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house, which ever stands.

3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destined race is run,
Assign us mansions near thy throne.

387 "*His Righteousness is to Children's Children.*" C. M. Db.

1 O THOU whose covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Whose mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same:
Thou art our fathers' God; we plead
That title; we are thine:
Pour down thy Spirit on our seed,
And sanctify our line.

2 In thee our fathers put their trust,
Thy ways they humbly trod:
Honoured and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.
Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
We the same path pursue:
Entail the blessing to our heirs,
Lord! show thy promise true.

388 *Daily Bread.* 7s.

1 DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!

Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

389 "*He that keepeth his Mouth, keepeth his Life.*" L. M.

1 GUARD well thy lips; none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred,
By one incautious, hasty word.

2 "Condemn not, judge not;" not to man
Is given his brother's faults to scan;
One task is thine, and one alone,
To search out and subdue thine own.

3 Indulge no murmurings; O restrain
Those lips so ready to complain;

And if they can be numbered, count
Of one day's mercies the amount.

4 Set God before thee; every word
Thy lips pronounce, by him is heard;
O could'st thou realize this thought,
What care, what caution, would be taught!

5 "The time is short;" this day may be
The very last assigned to thee:
So speak that should'st thou ne'er speak more,
Thou may'st not this day's words deplore.

390 *The Heavenly Guest.* **C. M.**

1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with grateful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;

But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

391 *One in Christ Jesus.* 7s.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind.

2 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church a pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

392 *God's Blessing Essential.* C. M.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

393 *My Daily Toil.* C. M.

1 Attend, O Lord, my daily toil,
With blessings from above;
Grant that my soul may watchful be,
And full of faith and love.

2 In all my many pleasant tasks,
Let me united find,
With careful Martha's busy hand,
Sweet Mary's docile mind.

3 Amid the various scenes of life,
In matters great and small,
O, let me ne'er indulge in pride,
Nor angry words let fall.

4 May I with willing, cheerful heart,
My brother's burden share,
And never bring reproach upon
The holy name I bear.

5 Where'er my roving feet may tread,
Whate'er my hands provide,
May faith's clear eye the Lord behold,
Still standing by my side.

6 Guide and control my stubborn heart,
Until thy sovereign will,
I shall in every purpose own,
In every act fulfil.

394 *The Peace of God.* 8s & 7s.

1 VISIT, Lord, this habitation,
Breathe thy peace on all therein;
Peace, the foretaste of salvation;
Peace, the seal of cancelled sin.
Now thy love-infusing Spirit
Shed on every heart abroad;
Raise, through thy redeeming merit,
Slaves of sin, to sons of God.

2 Prince of peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart thy home:
In this sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come.

Answer all our expectation;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

395 *Prayer for Deliverance from Sin.* **L. M.**

1 O FATHER of unclouded light,
We pray thee, kneeling in thy sight,
From all defilement to be freed,
And every sinful act and deed.

2 In Jesus' name we cry to thee
To wash out our iniquity:
And give us of thy boundless grace,
The blessings of the heavenly place.

3 May we, thence exiled by our sin,
At last with joy be welcomed in:
That blessed time awaiting now,
With hymns of glory here we bow.

4 O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

396 *An Ancient Psalm of the Morning.* **L. M.**

1 O CHRIST, with each returning morn
Thine image to our heart be borne;

And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

397 *Morning.* 7s. 6 lines.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see—

Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

398 *Morning.* 7s.

1 In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my Sun, my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

2 Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray;
Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing, "Thou, God, seest me."

3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.

4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.

399 *Morning.* L. M.

1 Our Father, God, once more we raise
To thee our supplicating cries;
For this new morn thy name we praise,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

2 We thank thee for all good bestowed,
For earthly joys and hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

3 Whene'er we walk on danger's height,
Or tread temptation's slippery way,
Be nigh, to lead our steps aright,
That word our guide, that arm our stay.

4 Be ours thy fear and favour still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme, that contradicts thy will,
No wish, that centres not above.

5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

400 *Morning.* L. M.

1 Lord, I to thee commit my way,
My wants, my dangers, through the day,—
Wilt thou my every want supply,
And be in every danger nigh?

2 O, let thy smile my solace be!
'Tis more than aught in life to me;
Permit me not to slight thy grace,
Or cause thee once to hide thy face.

3 That blessed Spirit's aid impart,
Who can transform and cleanse my heart;
Make the polluted fountain clear,
Whose streams in words and acts appear.

4 Teach me this day to keep in view
The prize thy followers should pursue;
To adorn thy doctrine, and to shed
Fragrance and light where'er I tread.

5 Saviour! I give myself to thee;
My Strength, my Light, my Guardian be:
My earthly days thus let me spend,
Till time, and life, and warfare end.

401 *Morning.* L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

3 For thee alone we would employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would tread our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

402 *Morning.* 7s.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

403 *Morning.* L. M.

1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That he, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 O guard our hearts and tongues from strife:
And hide from anger's din our life:

From all ill sights turn thou our eyes;
And close our ears from vanities.

3 Lord, keep our inmost conscience pure;
Our souls from folly's ways secure:
And bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise thy Name for victory gained.

5 All laud to God the Father be;
All laud, Eternal Son, to thee;
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete.

404 *Morning.* 8s & 7s.

1 WELCOME now another morning,
While we meet our God to praise,
And, our daily work returning,
First to him our voice to raise.

2 Let us think how time is passing—
Soon the longest life departs,
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

3 Love to God and to our neighbour
Makes our purest happiness;

Vain the wish, the care, the labour,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

4 Father, now one prayer we raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let us cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

5 Then, when years have gathered o'er us,
And the world begins to fade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before us:
There our treasure has been laid.

405 *Morning.* L. M.

1 Dawn sprinkles all the East with light:
Day all the earth is gilding bright:
Morn's glittering rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin.

2 Each phantom of the night depart,
Each thought of guilt forsake the heart:
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to nought.

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we sang below,—

4 All laud to God the Father be:
All laud, Eternal Son, to thee:

All laud, as is for ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete.

406 *Morning.* S. M.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing day,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

407 *Morning.* C. M.

1 Giver and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive:
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Prisoners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring:
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

408 *Morning.* L. M.

1 Our limbs refreshed with slumber now,
And sloth cast off, in prayer we bow:
And while we sing thy praises dear,
O Father, be thou present here.

2 As shades at morning flee away,
And night before the star of day,
So each transgression of the night
Be purged by thee, celestial light.

3 Cut off, we pray thee, each offence,
And every lust of thought and sense;
That by their lips who thee adore,
Thou may'st be praised for evermore.

4 O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

409 *Morning.* C. M.

1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth, be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

410 *Morning.* C. M.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;

In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

411 *Morning.* L. M.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

412 *Morning or Evening.* 8s.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;

By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.
Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

413 "*Abide with us.*" L. M.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

414 *Evening.* 8s & 7s.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Father, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms let us repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

415 *Evening.* 6s & 4s.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard thou our evening hour,
Shield with thy might:
For all thy care this day

Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to night.

2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For many sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth thy light!
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

416 *Evening.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name!

417 *Evening.* 7s.

1 THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill,
Cheerful as the morning light
May we wake to do thy will.

418 *Evening.* L. M.

1 Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with thy wonted favour, thou
Would'st be our Guard and Keeper now.

2 From all thy servants chase away
Whate'er of thought impure to-day
Hath mingled with the heart's intent,
Or with the actions hath been blent.

3 In heaven, thine endless joys bestow,
But grant thy gifts of grace below:
From chains of strife our souls release;
Bind fast the gentle bands of peace.

4 O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

419 *Evening.* C. M.

1 Father, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies;
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace;

Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.

3 We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.

4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of love divine,
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

420 *Evening.* L. M.

1 Lord, as the evening shades arise,
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wondrous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind.

2 O, make our weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.

3 Upon our knees as here we bow,
Light of the world, Redeemer, now
Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.

4 If thoughts on thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy,

Till thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

421 *Evening.* 7s.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

422 *Evening.* L. M.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

423 *Children's Evening Hymn.* C. M.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King!
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.

3 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.

4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad:
Then shall our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

424 *Saturday Evening.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER week has passed away,
Another Sabbath now draws near;
Lord, with thy blessing crown the day,
Which all thy children hold so dear.

2 Delivered from its weekly load,
How light the happy spirit springs,
And soars to thy divine abode,
With peace and freedom on its wings.

3 O Lord, those earthly thoughts destroy,
Which cling too fondly to our breast,
Through grace prepare us to enjoy
The coming hours of hallowed rest.

4 And when thy word shall set us free
From every burden that we bear,
O, may we rise to rest with thee,
And hail a brighter Sabbath there.

425 *Saturday Evening.* S. M

1 The hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

426 *Sabbath Evening.* L. M.

1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below—

The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest, the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

427 *Sabbath Evening.* 7s.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee;
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

428 *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

1 Our Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity,
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend,
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say
All for his sake be done.

429 *Prayer of Parents for their Children.* 7s

1 SHEPHERD of the fold of God,
Who hast bought us by thy blood,
Make these little ones thy care,
Keep their hearts from every snare;
Bid them see thy heavenly charms,
Fold them in thy gracious arms.

2 Shepherd of the fold of God,
Who the vale of sorrows trod,
Once thyself a little child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Now these waiting children see,
Cause them to resemble thee.

3 Shepherd of the fold of God,
Hear us from thy high abode;
For these lambs to thee we cry:
Let them on thy grace rely;
Let their follies be forgiven,
Fit them for the bliss of heaven.

430 *Prayer of Parents.* C. M.
Matt xviii. 20.

1 WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfil to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

4 Our offspring to thine arms we bring;
Receive our infant race;
O tune their lips thy love to sing,
And fill their hearts with grace.

431 *In Sickness.* 7s & 6s.

1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high:
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are;
Chastisements and corrections
To quicken us in prayer.

2 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou can'st still forgive;
And thou, most high and holy,
Can'st bid the sick revive:
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

3 As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry;
Send down thy gift of healing,
On thee our souls rely.

432 *The Widow's God.* L. M.

1 THE widow and the fatherless,
Who cry to heaven in their distress,
Shall find a hand for ever near
To wipe away each sorrowing tear.

2 Rich promises are kindly given
To humble souls by sorrow riven;
Our God upholds them by his care,
And hearkens to their tender prayer.

3 "O let thy widows trust in me:
Thy fatherless no want shall see;
For none who ever trust in God
Shall find a desolate abode."

4 Here to the stricken ones, O Lord,
Thy consolations now afford;
Be thou their Husband, Parent, Friend,
Till all life's pilgrimage shall end.

433 *At Parting.* C. L. M.

1 To thee, when called awhile to part,
With friends or kindred dear;
To thee we raise each drooping heart,
And tell each rising fear;
For thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
To hear thy servants when they cry.

2 As children of a Father's care,
Thy presence we implore;
As friends of Jesus, we would share
That blessing evermore:
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,
And every rising grief control.

3 If thou art with us when we part
With friends or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
And banish every fear;

'Tis easy then to say adieu,
For Jesus smiles, and heaven is true.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

[Many of the Hymns in this department are of irregular or unusual metres, and, as such, not designed to be sung. They are inserted as helps to Private Devotion.]

434 *Invocation to the Trinity.*

[For reading only.]

1 Most High and Holy Trinity!
Who of thy mercy mild
Hast formed me here in time to be
Thy image and thy child:
O let me love thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
O come, thyself my soul prepare,
And make thy dwelling ever there!

2 Father! replenish with thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred, inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares;

Enfold her in thy changeless peace,
So she from all but thee may cease!

3 O God the Son! thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On thee be fixed, from thee proceed,
Draw me to thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

4 O Holy Ghost! thou fire of love,
Enkindle with thy flame my will;
Come with thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and thyself desire!

5 Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With thee on earth: when life is done,
Take me to dwell in light with thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity!

435 *A New Year's Morning Song.* 10s.

[For reading only.]

1 THANKSGIVING, and the voice of melody,
This New Year's morning, call me from my sleep:
A new sweet song is in my heart for thee,
Thou faithful, tender Shepherd of the sheep:
Thou knowest where to find, and how to keep
The feeble feet that tremble where they stray:
O'er the dark mountains—through the whelming deep,—
Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

2 The past is not so dark as once it seemed,
For there thy footprints now distinct I see;
And seed in weakness sown, from death redeemed,
Is springing up, and bearing fruit in thee.
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall be:
A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,
Are ushering in from heaven a blest New Year.

3 With voice subdued, my listening spirit sings,
As backward on the trodden path I gaze,
While ministering angels fold their wings
To fill with lowly thoughts my song of praise.
The shadow of the past on future days,
Will make them clear to my instructed sight;
For the heart's knowledge of thy sacred ways,
Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is light.

4 I am not stronger—yet I do not fear
The present pain, the conflict yet to be;
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,
And all my failings bid me lean on thee.
No future suffering can seem strange to me,
While in the hidden part I feel and know
The wisdom of a child at rest and free,
In the tried love whose judgment keeps him low.

5 Thanksgiving and the voice of melody!
O, to my tranquil heart how sweet the strain,—
Father of mercies, it arose in thee,
And to thy bosom it returns again.
There let my grateful song, my soul, remain,
Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care;
And welcome any trial, any pain,
That serves to keep thy faithful children there.

6 Thoughts of thy love—and O, how great the sum!
Enduring grief, obtaining bliss, for me,—
The world, life, death, things present, things to come,
All swell the New Year's opening melody.
Past, present, future, all things worship thee;
And I, through all, with trembling joy behold,
While mountains fall, and treacherous visions flee,
Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

436 *A New Year's Hymn.* 5s & 12s.

[For reading only.]

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O, that each in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou did'st give me to do!"
O, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

437 *Nearer Home.* L. M.

1 Now one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
If I have walked by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here.

2 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

3 And O, reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place,
Where he will never hide his face.

5 If thou hast oft been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day,
Still strive the more that rest to attain,
Where thou wilt never sin again.

6 Let every gift by God bestowed,
Each kind refreshment on the road,
Let every sorrow, hope, and fear,
Incite my soul to persevere.

7 On thee, my Saviour, I depend,
O, guide me to my journey's end;
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave,
To realms of joy beyond the grave.

438 *The Service of the Lord.* C. M. Double.

1 How blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at thy hand!

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever thine alone,
My soul and body given to thee,
The purchase thou hast won:

Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified!

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly:
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall his blest servants be.

439 "*Here is my Heart.*"

[For reading only.]

1 HERE is my heart!—my God, I give it thee;
I heard thee call and say,
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me,"—
I heard, and will obey.
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

2 Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes:

Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart!

3 Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet;
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart!

4 Here is my heart!—in Christ its longings end,
Near to his cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my Friend!
Thy blood my ransom was."
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart!

5 Here is my heart!—ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart!

6 Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne;

Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
Of righteousness thine own:
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart!

7 Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
"Welcome, my God's decree."
Believing, all its journey through,
That thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart!

8 Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be near
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory!
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing,
"Here is my heart!"

440 *Prayer for Christian Graces.* S. M. Double.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,

On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Nor wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep, on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word,
Thy promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

441 *"One by One."* 8s & 7s.

1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

2 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

3 Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

4 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

442 *My Rest.* L. M.

1 My only Saviour, when I feel
Fatigued in spirit, faint, oppressed,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet—Thou art my Rest.

2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O, let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross—there, there is rest.

3 I'm weary of this suffering frame,
With languor and with pain distrest,
Yet my impatience oft I blame,
At all times thou can'st give me rest.

4 When, with a trembling heart, I try
My state by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me, yet I fly
To thee for freedom, thee for rest.

5 Fain would I learn to "cease from man,"
A "broken cistern" at the best,
To form no earthly wish or plan,
But cleave to thee, and in thee rest.

6 O, sweet will be the welcome day,
When from her toils and woes released,
My parting soul in death shall say,
Now, Lord, I come to thee for rest.

443 "*Forsake me Not!*"

[For reading only.]

1 FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation,
Give me thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
O, lead her to thyself—
My God, forsake me not.

2 Forsake me not, my God,
Take not thy Spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me—
My God, forsake me not.

3 Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me—
My God, forsake me not.

4 Forsake me not, my God,
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please thee in all well-doing;
And that thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways—
My God, forsake me not.

5 Forsake me not, my God,
I would be thine for ever;

Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavour:
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul—
My God, forsake me not.

444 *The Earthly and the Heavenly.* C. M.
1 Cor. xv. 49.

1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh, that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;

To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

6 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee,
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

7 We shall be reckoned for thine own,
Because thy heaven we share;
Because we sing around thy throne,
And thy bright raiment wear.

8 Thou to our woe who down did'st come,
Who one with us would'st be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

9 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear,
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear.

10 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!

11 O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given,
Thou tookest woe and grief from us,
And we receive thy heaven!

445 *Resting in God.* C. M. Double.

Lam. iii. 24.

[For reading only.]

1 My heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel thou hast made,
No hand but thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set:
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss,—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,
Upon my Saviour's cross;—
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
If they will leave me part in him,
Let all things pass away.

5 Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see,—
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

6 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

446 *Deliverances Acknowledged.* L. M.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power,
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,

Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch and fled.

4 Whither, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

5 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

6 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

447 *Filial Confidence.*
[For reading only.]

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,

And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;

Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee—
More careful—than to serve thee *much*,
To please thee *perfectly*.

7 There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy any where.

8 In a service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

448 *Thankfulness.*

[For reading only.]

1 I THANK thee, O my God, who made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;

So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth,
Some love is found.

3 I thank thee, more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

449 *Wholly Thine.* C. M. Double.

1 My Saviour, on thy word of truth
In earnest hope I live,
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine;
But chiefly long to walk with thee,
And only trust in thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As thou would'st have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in thee;
And still I seek 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as thou wilt with me
Till, humbled in the dust,

I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust.
Until I find, O Lord, in thee—
The lowly and the meek—
That fulness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

4 Then, O my Saviour! on my soul,
Cast down but not dismayed,
Still be thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid:
And while I wait for all thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with thee,
And at thy feet sit still.

450 *Wrestling Jacob.* L. M. 6 lines

Genesis xxxii. 24–32.

PART I.

1 Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;

But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name and Nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART II.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquered by my instant prayer;

Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou died'st for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy mercies move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God: the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
O, not in vain I wept and strove:
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

451 *The Morning and Evening Light.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
O, chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

452 *Evening Twilight.* C. M.

1 HAIL tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and griefs and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

453 *Midnight Hymn.* L. M.

1 My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

454 *Midnight Hymn.* L.

1 WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee;
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I view thee in the morning light.

2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

3 If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as the Comforter appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thy arm upholds, thy power protects,
With thee when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Dispel the mists of mental night,
Being of beings, Light of light!

455 "*In the Night his Song shall be with Me.*" C. M. 6 lines.

Psa. xlii. 8.

1 Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
O, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness.

3 While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm confiding prayer.

4 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

5 O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

6 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay:
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

7 O, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

8 Happy are they that learn, in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech;
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

9 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;

There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified:
And it is *fellowship* with him
That keeps me near his side.

10 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear:
I will be joyful in thy love,
And peaceful in thy care,
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

11 No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And O, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee.

12 It is not hard to bear by faith,
In thy own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For thy rejoicing made:
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

13 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore,—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before;

O, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more.

14 Deep unto deep may call; but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away:
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

456 "*Abide with Me!*"

[For reading only.]

1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

4 Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth did'st smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

6 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

7 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

8 Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

457 "*Leave me Not!*" L. M.

1 Be with me Lord, where'er I go;
Show me what thou would'st have me do;
Direct my thoughts and words this day,
And guide me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
And in my native strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

4 Ever my kind Protector prove;
Enrich me always with thy love;
Make me with thy forgiveness blest,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

458 "*Thy will be Done!*" L. M. *by repeating last line.*

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

3 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy pure Spirit for its guest,
My God to thee I leave the rest,
Thy will be done.

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

459 *"Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace."* L. M.
Job xxii. 21.

1 Art thou acquainted, O my soul,
With such a Saviour, such a Friend,
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend?

2 Why art thou then opprest with fears?
Knowledge of him should give thee peace;
Should check these often-flowing tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?
Transgressions, falls, dost thou deplore?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain,
Thy God remembers them no more.

4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?
Sufferings of body, mental care?
In God a refuge thou wilt find;
And, O, what sweet relief in prayer!

5 Dost thou o'er friends much valued weep,
Who seem in hopeless fetters bound?
Christ will seek out his wandering sheep—
Those who seem lost will then be found.

6 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread?
Thy passage through death's awful vale?
E'en there shall light around be shed;
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

7 Dost thou with dread still greater, shrink
From pain for those on earth most dear;
And oft with sickening anguish think
On all they yet may suffer here?

8 O faithless, unbelieving heart,
So slow to trust the tenderest Friend:
Who then will needful strength impart,—
Who "loving, loves unto the end."

9 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell:
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him who will do all things well.

460 *"Thou wilt show me the Path of Life."*

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, O God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

5 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

461 *Chastening in Love.* 12s & 11s.

Psa. xciv. 12.

1 O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings, and guided my way;
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

2 Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy,—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

3 The blossom blushed bright,—but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair,—there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze,—but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

4 So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

5 I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

6 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

7 Subdued and instructed at length to thy will,
My hopes and my longing I fain would resign:
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

8 There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

462 *In apprehension of Trouble.* L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper—"Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding—"Come to Me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—"Come to Me."

4 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion—Come to Me."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me, from above!
And gently whisper—"Come to Me."

463 "*Jesus, help Conquer!*"

[For reading only.]

JESUS, help conquer!
My spirit is sinking
Deep waters of sorrow go over my head;
Weeping, and trembling,
And fearing, and shrinking,

I watch for the day, and night cometh instead:
Bitter the cup
I am hourly drinking—
How thorny the path that I hourly tread!

2 Jesus, help conquer!
For, fainting and weary,
Scarcely my hands can their weapons sustain;
The way seems so desolate,
Painful, and dreary—
How shall I ever to heaven attain?
Jesus, great Captain!
If thou be not near me,
How shall I ever the victory gain?

3 Jesus, help conquer!
Earth holds out her lure,
And mortal affections yearn after the prize:
Scarcely my heart
Can the struggle endure;
Scarce can I lift up my tear-blinded eyes:—
Jesus, Redeemer,
Thy promise is sure—
Speak to my spirit, and bid me arise.

4 Jesus, help conquer!
There is not an hour
Of sorrow or joy but is ordered by thee;
Thou dost cut down,
Who hast planted the flower—

Tempest or calm at thy bidding shall be:
Look on my sorrow,
And give me the power
Humbly to wait till thou comfortest me.

5 Jesus, help conquer!
Lord, turn not away;
See with what power the billows increase!
Give me thy love
For my comfort and stay;
Then shall my trembling and murmuring cease:
Then shall my spirit
Grow strong for the fray—
Then shall my weary heart rest in thy peace.

6 Jesus, help conquer!
I cry unto thee!
Hardly my heart its petitions can frame:-
All is so dark
And so painful to me,
All I can utter, sometimes, is thy Name:—
Jesus, help conquer!
My portion now be;
Though all else should change, be Thou ever the same!

464 "*To whom can we go but unto Thee?*" C. M.

1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;

It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.

2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once thine own.

3 Thy risen life but fits thee more
For kindly sympathy;
Thy love, unhindered, rests upon
Each bruised branch in thee.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 It is enough, my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy;
My every sin and sorrow can
Devolve itself on thee.

6 Jesus, thou hast availed to search
My deepest malady;
It freely flows—more freely finds
The gracious remedy.

465 *"Lord, Save!"* 8s & 7s.

1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,

Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou did'st our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,—
In my pangs, remember me!

By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

166 "*As Thou wilt.*" 6s.

1 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
O, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign:
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own;
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure:
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:

Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

4 My Saviour as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

467 *"Jesus, I'll turn to Thee."* C. M.

1 JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succour me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

468 *A Sabbath in a Sick Chamber.* C. M.

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts! this day,
Around thy altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen thee too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

4 For thou art in their midst, to teach
When on thy name they call,
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,—
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee;
O, hast not thou a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

6 The dew lies thick on all the ground;
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around;
Shall I of hunger die?

7 Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will:
If not,—contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still!

8 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate an house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

9 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

10 O, make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.

469 *In Sickness.* L. M.

1 My God! my grateful heart I'll raise
A daily altar to thy praise:—
Thy friendly hand my course directs,
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

2 Past mercies bind my soul to thee,
And teach me whither I must flee;
The same Almighty arm can aid,
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.

3 To all the varied helps of art,
Thy kind, thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless thine angel blessed the wave.

4 All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee,
And every plant which spreads the plain,
Will teem with health, if thou ordain.

5 But grant me nobler favours still:
Grant me to know and do thy will;
My spirit purge from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My sins, my sins arise to view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And bode the horrors of despair.

7 But, oh, regard my contrite sighs,
My wounded breast, my weeping eyes;
To me thy pardoning love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend!

8 These tender Names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed:

His death is all sufficient found
To honour thee, and heal my wound.

9 Thou great Physician of the soul!
Grant me thy Spirit, make me whole:
So pain and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to Thee.

470 *Prayer of an Aged Believer in Sickness.* L. C. M.

1 WITH years oppressed, with sorrows torn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O Lord, I pray;
To thee these withered hands I raise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes,
O, cast me not away!

2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

3 O Saviour! has thy grace declined?
Can years affect th' Eternal mind,
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

4 Then e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee;
For yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have still a strain for thee!

5 Yes! tuneless, broken, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble numbers melt away
Into a seraph's song.

471 *In Sickness.* C. M.

1 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,—
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me!

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;—

4 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee;
But this, the witness in my breast,
My Saviour died for me!

5 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

472 *Recovery from Sickness.* C. M.

1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my all resign;
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come:
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

473 "*Now is our Salvation Nearer.*"

[For reading only.]

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;—

Nearer leaving the cross—
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light.

5 Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home—
Nearer now, than I think!

474 *The Dying Believer to his Soul.* 7s.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his Mediatorial crown;
Go his triumph to adorn,
Born of God—to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high,
Fearless, to his presence fly:

Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God:
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distressed?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar:—
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail:

Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

6 Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

475 "*Dies Iræ.*"

[For reading only.]

1 Day of wrath! that day of mourning,
See! once more the cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, kind Jesus! my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me!

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God! thy suppliant, groaning!

13 Thou the woman gavest remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition:
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With thy favoured sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition—
Succour thou my lost condition.

18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in thy dread keeping.

19 Lo the rest thou did'st prepare him,
On thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him,
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

476 *The Holy City.* C. M.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness is at all,
Nor hurt nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.

4 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night:
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

5 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

6 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

7 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,

Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
There angels do appear.

8 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
O God, if I were there!

9 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

10 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

11 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

12 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

13 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care:

And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

14 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

477 *God's Presence in Death.* L. M.

1 O God, unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy Deity.

2 The moment comes, when strength shall fail,
When, health and hope and courage flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death with thee alone.

3 Alone with thee!—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

4 Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands,
Of thee, my Saviour and my God;—

5 Be mine eternal portion this,—
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

478 *God's Presence in Death.* C

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;

2 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

479 *"O Death, where is thy sting!"* C

1 WHAT is it for a saint to die,
That we the thought should fear?

'Tis but to pass the heavenly sky,
And leave pollution here.

2 True, Jordan's stream is wondrous deep,
And Canaan's walls are high;
But He that guards us while we sleep,
Will guide us when we die.

3 A parting world, a gaping tomb,
Corruption, and disease,
Are thorny paths to heaven, our home,
And doors to endless bliss.

4 Eternal glory just before,
And Jesus waiting there:
A heavenly gale to waft us o'er—
What have the saints to fear?

480 "*I have fought a good Fight.*" L. M.

2 Tim. iv. 6—8.

1 THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won,
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless, prove a Friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand:
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

481 *"Having a Desire to Depart."*

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

3 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 Then, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

6 Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain,
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

482 "*I know that I must Die.*" L. M. 6 lines.

1 My God, I know that I must die—
My mortal life is passing hence;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence:
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

2 My God, I know not *when* I die,
What is the moment or the hour—
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower;
Then *may thy* child prepared be
Through time to meet eternity.

3 My God, I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come—
In dark mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some:
Just as thou wilt, if but it be
For ever, blessed Lord, with thee.

4 My God, I know not *where* I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand;
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand:
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine.

5 My gracious God, when I must die,
O, bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love:
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how, my death shall be.

483 *The Christian anticipating a Happy Death.*

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

484 *The Pilgrim's Song.* S. M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more *toils*, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

4 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

5 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

485 *"There remaineth a Rest."* S. M.

1 WHERE shall the weary rest?
The child of sorrow where?
In Jesus' arms, for ever blest,
Soon shall he banish care.

2 When shall the sufferer's pain,
The groan of anguish, cease?
In heaven the saints no more complain,
But all is endless peace.

3 When shall temptation's power
No longer break repose?
There comes a new, a blissful hour,
Which no disturbance knows.

4 When shall this aching heart,
With every loved one dwell?
In worlds above they never part,
They never say—"Farewell."

5 Where is the blest abode,
Whence none shall ever roam?
There, in the presence of our God,
Is our eternal home.

6 Lord, in that happy land,
From sin and sorrow free,
Grant us among thy chosen band
To live in joy with thee.

486 "*The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light.*" C. M.
Isaiah lx. 20.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The *pavement* of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

487 *Death of a Believer.* C. M.

1 Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again!

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
O, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!

488 *"Asleep in Jesus."* L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

4 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

5 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

489 *"Not lost, but gone before."* L. M.

1 DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

490 *A faithful Soldier called Home.* S. M.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:

A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay:—
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

491 *Funeral of a Christian.* 6s, & 8s.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor *pain*, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death,—
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead; and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

492 *The Resurrection Anticipated.* C. M.

1 The time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;

The graves their ancient charge shall yield,
And earth's foundation shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

5 A few short years of evil passed,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

493 *The Judgment.* S. M.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!—

2 Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

4 O, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,—
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

5 O, may we all insure
A home among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

494 *"I know whom I have Believed."* L. M. 6 lines.

1 My Saviour! can it ever be,
And wilt thou deign to smile on me?
Yes! thou wilt own me on that day,—
Thou wilt not cast my soul away:
I know in whom I have believed;
I know by whom I am received.

2 'Tis even so, my dying Lord!
Cleansed by thine all-atoning blood,
I venture to believe, that day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
Will bring me bliss without alloy,
And consummate and crown my joy.

495 *Luther's Judgment Hymn.* 7s & 8s Peculiar.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated:

Low at his cross I wait the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

HEAVEN.

496 *The Everlasting Song.* C. M.

1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long;
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, thy love they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

5 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 Where ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face!

497 *"To be with Christ."* L. M.

Phil. i. 23.

1 Let me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully, and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art!
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art!
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee where thou art!
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death shall part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

498 *The Saviour Glorified.* C. M.

1 O, THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

499 *Safe-folded.* C. M.

1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimensions fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd, pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,—
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is LIFE!

500 *The Saints' Rest.* C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;—

2 A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour! now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove the hardness of my heart,
The unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

501 "*The Desired Haven.*" C. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, for they are past,
They are gone safe before;
They've borne the wildest tempest-blast,
And heard the last storm's roar.

2 Mourners they were—they weep not now;
Sick—now they know not pain:
And glory shines on every brow
Of that once feeble train.

3 O blest, and beautiful, and bright,
How fair their white robes gleam!
O to behold the glorious sight,
Without a veil between!

4 Yet once, like us, with trembling fear,
Their unknown path they viewed:
Now, God has wiped away each tear,
From all that multitude.

5 Shout! they have gained their rest at last,
The port where they would be;
Through adverse gales and tempest's blast,
Their followers still are we.

502 *"Even there shall Thy hand lead Me."* 7s.

1 SHEPHERD, with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fulness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death,

And at last, O, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

503 *"For ever with the Lord."* S. M.

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in *His* sight,
Who looks all nature through.

4 How can I meet his eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

6 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;

Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

504 *The Joys of Heaven.* C. M.

1 Now to the shining seats of bliss,
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise,
Our raptured thoughts explore.

2 No sun shall gild the blest abode
With his meridian ray,
But the more radiant throne of God
Diffuse eternal day.

3 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name,
Employ their tuneful tongues.

5 The Saviour, dying, rising, crowned,
Shall swell the lofty strains,

Seraph and saint his praise resound,
Through all th' etherial plains.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

505 *"What are these?"* 7s. 6 lines.

1 WHO are those before God's throne,—
What the crowned host I see?
As the sky with stars thick-strewn,
Is their shining company:
Hallelujahs, hark, they sing!
Solemn praise to God they bring.

2 Who are those arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes most pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine,
That can never-more decay;—
Whence came all this bright array?

3 They are those who, strong in faith,
Battled for the mighty God;
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
Following not Sin's crowded road;
Through the Lamb who once was slain,
Did they such high victory gain.

4 They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer;
Now their strife hath found its close,
God hath turned away their woes.

5 They are branches of that Stem,
Who hath our Salvation been,
In the blood he shed for them,
Have they made their raiment clean;
Hence they wear such radiant dress,
Clad in spotless holiness.

6 Cast my lot in earth and heaven
With thy saints made like to thee,
Let my bonds be also riven,
Make thy child who loves thee free;
Near the throne where thou dost shine,
May a place at last be mine!

506 "*Whence came They?*" 7s.

Rev. vii. 14–17.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,

Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

507 *"The Lamb's Wife."* L. M.

Rev. xxi. 9.

1 That Bridal City, O how blest,
Whose loud hosannas never rest!
How gladsome is that palace gate,
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait.

2 No languor there, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;

But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng.

3 Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills:
Who know no grief, and mourn no ills;
Whom never more can foe alarm,
Nor storm approach to work them harm.

4 One day of those most glorious rays,
Is better than ten thousand days;
Refulgent with celestial light,
And with God's fullest knowledge bright.

5 That we the saints' blest lives may reach,
That we their blessed faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The Spirit of all grace bestow!

508 *Hallelujah!* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!

Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

509 *The Blessed Country.* 7s & 6s.

1 For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,

The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And who, beneath their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

6 Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze:—
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler be the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.

7 Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife.

8 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

Yes! God our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face!

510 *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* 7s & 6s.

1 JERUSALEM, the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee;
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art:
New mansions of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.

3 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:—

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.

4 O sweet, and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I *have* the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless:
And shall I see thy glory?—
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

5 Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

DOXOLOGIES.

1 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

2 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3 C. M. Double.

1 THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

4 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

6 L. M. Double.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left Thy throne,
For man's rebellion to atone;

Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live;
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to Thee!

7 L. M. Double.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honours of Thy name to raise;
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

8 S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

9 S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honour done.

10 S. M. Double.

1 We bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in His love;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our Advocate above.

2 The Spirit too we bless,
And raise His honours high;
Who conquers by His sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

11 H. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed:
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore!

12 H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise:
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

13 L. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

14 L. P. M.

Now to the great, the sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

15 5s & 6s, or 10s & 11s.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

16 6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore!

17 6s & 4s.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!

18 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19 7s.

PRAISE the name of God Most High,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

20 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

21 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

22 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give!

23 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

To the Father throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

24 8s, 7s & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

25 7s & 6s. Iambic.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

26 7s & 6s. Iambic.

To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favour
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

27 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever blest,

Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so,
While endless ages last.

28 S. P. M. or 6s & 8s.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given:
To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
From all in earth and all in heaven!

29 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

30 8s. Double.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come!

31 10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,
And spread His fame till time shall be no more!

32 10s & 11s.

All glory to God, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One;
Let highest ascriptions for ever be given,
By all the creation, on earth and in heaven.

33 11s.

O Father Almighty to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

34 11s & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blest,
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

35 11s.

COME saints and adore Him; come bow at His feet:
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful Hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

36 12s.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be to the God of salvation.

CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

INDEX OF THE PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

GENESIS. HYMN

1 : 3.....295
28 : 16.....4, 14
28 : 12.....196
32 : 24—32.....450

I KINGS.

3 : 7, 9.....317

JOB.

9 : 33.....100
19 : 25.....168

PSALMS.

18 : 10, 11.....44
23 : 98, 179, 313, 499
24 : 89
31 : 15.....242
51 : 18.....289
63 : 188
68 : 18.....77
72 : 308
73 : 25.....147
84 : 8
85 : 6..... 290, 292
85 : 10.....299
91 : 211
100 : 23
119 : 67.....236, 237
119 : 117.....201
139 : 37
148 : 5

PROVERBS.

18 : 3.....389

ECCLESIASTES. HYMN

12 : 1.....314

ISAIAH.

6 : 3.....1
9 : 2, 6, 7.....65
26 : 3.....223
40 : 11.....274
42 : 10—12.....304
49 : 15.....298
52 : 1, 2.... 296, 297
53 : 74
54 : 7—10..... 302
55 : 12, 13... ...68
60 : 296
60 : 20.....486

JEREMIAH.

23 : 6.....99, 164

HOSEA.

14 : 8.....254

HABAKKUK.

2 : 20.....7

MALACHI.

4 : 2 .....57, 307

MATTHEW.

6 : 9—13.....428
6 : 11.....60
10 : 32.....187, 188
11 : 13.....

INDEX OF THE PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

MATTHEW, continued.	HYMN
11 : 28..	..140, 197
13 : 3—8..	26
18 : 20...	430
21 : 8, 15.	 69
25 : 1—13.....	257
25 : 13.....	.....255, 256, 493
25 : 40.....	222

MARK.	
6 : 56.....	207
9 : 24.....	229
13 : 33, 37.....	.....255, 256, 493

LUKE.	
2 : 8—14.....	63
10 : 2.....	.....268, 269
10 : 42.....	150
11 : 3.....	50
22 : 39—44....	70, 71
23 : 42.....	129
24 : 29.....	198

JOHN.	
4 : 35.....	269
6 : 68.....	228
13 : 9.....	152
14 : 6.....	.....104, 105
15 : 4.....	159
15 : 5.....	254
21 : 16.....	175

ACTS.	
2 : 2—4	111
17 : 28.....	48

ROMANS.	
7 : 15.....	...131
13 : 11.....	473

I CORINTHIANS.	
11 : 23—6.....	.....280—288

EPHESIANS.	
4 : 5.....	213
6 : 10—18.....	191

PHILIPPIANS.	HYMN
1 : 21.....	.....195, 483
1 : 23.....	.....481, 497
2 : 12, 13.....	118
4 : 7.....	30

COLOSSIANS.	
3 : 11.....	109

I THESSALONIANS.	
4 : 14.....	488
4 : 17.....	503

II TIMOTHY.	
1 : 12.....	494
4 : 6—8.....	480

HEBREWS.	
4 : 15.....	250
12 : 1, 2.....	192
12 : 2.....	243
13 : 8.....	103
13 : 20, 21.....	29

JAMES.	
1 : 17.....	254
3 :	388

I PETER.	
2 : 4, 5.....	102
2 : 7.....	107
2 : 23	72
5 : 7.....	208

I JOHN.	
4 : 7, 20, 21.....	.....214—216

REVELATION.	
1 : 5, 6.....	180
1 : 18.....	106
1 : 20.....	266
3 : 20.....	390
5 : 12.....	.....19, 88
7 : 13—17.....	.....505, 506
21 : 9.....	497

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE HYMNS.

A.

ABIDING IN CHRIST, 159.

Christ with us, 198, 456.

ADORATION,—See "Worship."

ADVENT OF CHRIST, 63—67.

AFFLICTIONS,—See "Conflicts and Trials."

AGED BELIEVER'S PRAYER, 470.

ANCIENT HYMNS :—

All ye who seek a sovereign cure, 140.
Before the ending of the day, 418.
Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son, 9.
Come, O Creator Spirit blest, 115.
Come thou now and be among us, 262.
Creator of the stars of night, 67.
Creator Spirit, by whose aid, 112.
Dawn sprinkles all the East with light, 405.
Day of wrath, that day of mourning, 475.
For thee, O dear, dear Country, 509.
From highest heaven the Father's Son, 259.
Glory, and laud, and honour, 69.
Holy Jesus, Saviour blest, 104.
Jerusalem, the glorious, 510.
Jesus, our fainting spirits cry, 167.

ANCIENT HYMNS.—(Continued.)

Jesus, the very thought of thee, 174.
My God, accept my heart this day, 155.
Now at the Lamb's great Paschal feast, 288.
Now that the day-light fills the sky, 403.
Now that the sun is gleaming bright, 409.
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord, 90.
O Christ, with each returning morn, 396.
O Father of unclouded light, 395.
O love divine to guilty men, 94.
O Lord our God, with earnest care, 356.
Our limbs refreshed with slumber now, 408.
That Bridal City, O how blest, 507.
Thee we adore, Eternal Lord, 2.
Thou loving Saviour of mankind, 357.
We sing to thee, thou Son of God, 83.
What love, O Lord, was that which led, 87.

ANGELS,—Ministering spirits, 412, 502.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST,—77—81, 84, 89.

ASSURANCE,—172, 173, 175, 176, 494.

ATONEMENT,—70—76, 131, 132, 137, 163—165.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD,—See "God."

B.

BACKSLIDER,—returning, 227.

BAPTISM,—272—278.

BIBLE,—32—35.

BIRTH-DAY,—346.

C.

CHARITY:—

To the Poor, 221, 222, 373, 374.
Charity School, 379, 380.

CHILDREN AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS,—325—345.

Teachers, 342—345.

CHILDREN AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS.—(Continued.)

Children's Evening Hymn, 423.
See "Family Worship."

CHRIST:—

Incarnation, 63—68.
Greeted by the Creation, 68.
Entry into Jerusalem, 69.
Gethsemane, 70, 71.
Crucifixion, 73—76.
Resurrection, 77, 78.
Ascension, 79, 80, 84.
Reigning, 81—94.
Abiding with us, 198, 456.
Ancient Hymns of praise, See "Ancient Hymns."
All in all, 109, 228
Compassion, 279.
Faithfulness, 168.
Our Example, 72, 160.
"Fountain of Grace," 108.
"Friend of Sinners," 145.
Glorified, 498.
Holding the Keys, 106.
Indwelling, 199.
Interceding, 79, 250, 359.
Inviting sinners, 140, 197, 390.
"Light of life," 12, 96, 97.
"Living Stone," 102.
Meekness, 72.
Our "Rest," 101, 442.
"Our Righteousness," 99, 164.
"Precious," 107, 174.
"Shepherd," 98, 179, 313, 499, 502.
"Star of Bethlehem," 95.
"Sun of Righteousness," 57, 307.
Sympathy, 250.
Unchangeable, 103.

CHRIST.—(Continued.)

Universal King, 301, 308.
"Way, Truth, and Life," 104, 105.
"Wonderful," 65.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE,—141—257.

Abiding in Christ, 159.
Christian activity, 374.
Ancient Hymn of trust in Christ, 167.
A child-like spirit, 203.
A lowly heart, 202.
"Casting all your care on Him," 208.
Cleaving to God, 153.
Clinging to Christ, 194.
"Cross and Crown," 210.
Daily toil, 393.
"Hold Thou me up," 201.
"Jesus died for me," 163.
Living to Christ, 195.
Longing to depart and be with Christ, 481, 497.
"O deliver us, Good Lord," 205.
"Plenteous Redemption," 162.
Quickening grace implored, 212.
"Remember me," 232.
Trusting in Christ, 167, 168—170, 244.
Walking with God, 186.
See "Private Devotion."

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY,—See "Ministry."

THE CHURCH:—

Laying a corner-stone, 258.
Dedication, 259—263.
Ministry, 264—271.
Sacraments, 272—288.
Revival, 289—292, 358.
Head of: See Christ "Reigning."
Unity, 213.
See "Missions."

COMING TO CHRIST,—141—163.

COMMUNION :—

With God, 187.
With Christ, 285, 286.
Christians all one, 159, 213.
Brotherly love, 214, 215.
A new disciple welcomed, 216.

CONFESSING CHRIST,—157, 158, 161, 272, 278, 321.

CONFESSION OF SIN,—227, 230, 231, 439.

See "Repentance."

CONFLICTS AND TRIALS,—223—245.

Peace in believing, 223.
In darkness, 224—226.
Flying to Christ, 228, 231, 462, 463.
"Help Thou mine unbelief," 229.
"Remember me," 232.
Peace returning, 233.
Rest for the weary, 234.
Dejection reproved, 235.
Afflictions sanctified, 236, 237.
In great tribulation, 238, 465.
The sure covenant, 240.
Resignation, 241, 458.
"Looking unto Jesus," 243, 464, 467.
Thankfulness for trials, 237, 448, 461.
In apprehension of trouble, 462.
Sickness, 431, 468—472.
In prospect of death, 474, 477—486.
Mourners comforted, 479, 487—492.

CONSOLATION FOR MOURNERS,—479, 487—492.

CONVERSION,—See "Holy Spirit," and "Coming to Christ."

CORNER-STONE LAID,—258.

COUNTRY,—See "Our Country."

D.

DEATH,—477—491.

The dying believer to his soul, 474.
Sudden, 490.

DECLENSION, SPIRITUAL:—

Bemoaned, and deliverance sought, 289, 290, 292, 358.

DECREES OF GOD,—43.

DEDICATION:—

Personal, to Christ, 141—161, 321.
Of a Church, 259—263.

DELIVERANCE:—

From danger acknowledged, 53.
From sickness, 446.
After a Pestilence, 366, 367.

DESPONDENCY,—See "Conflicts and Trials."

DROUGHT,—363—370.

E.

EARLY PIETY:—

Parents interceding for their children, 276, 277, 316, 387, 429, 430.

See "Youth;" "Children and Sabbath-schools."

EVENING HYMNS,—62, 186, 413—427.

EXAMPLE—Christ our, 72, 160.

F.

FAITH IN CHRIST,—73—76, 141, 147, 148, 155, 163—166.

"The good Fight of faith," 191.
Assurance, 172—176.

FAMINE,—373, 374.

FAMILY WORSHIP,—384—433.

An altar erected, 385.
Change of residence, 386.
Covenant promises, 387.

FAMILY WORSHIP, (Continued.)
The Lord's Prayer, 249, 428.
Sickness, 431, 468—472.
The Widow's God, 432.
Parting, 217—220, 433.
Morning Hymns, 397—412, 451.
Evening Hymns, 413—427, 452.

FASTING,—354—360.

FELLOWSHIP—of Christians, 17, 213—216.

FUNERAL HYMNS,—479, 485, 487—492.

G.

GOD :—
His condescension, 45.
Creating wisdom, 40.
Care of his people, 211.
Decrees, 43.
Goodness, 39.
Goodness and Truth, 38.
Invocation, 9.
Knowledge and Wisdom, 41.
Love, 42.
Omnipresence, 37.
Providence, 45—53.
Soul's Portion, 184.
Habitation of His people, 239.
Trinity, Prayer to, 36, 295, 434.
Worship, Presence in, 3, 4, 7, 14.

GRACES AND DUTIES,—162—222.

GRATITUDE,—to Christ, 178—183.
For deliverance from danger, 53, 446.
Of poor children to God, 379.
To earthly Benefactors, 380.

H.

HARVEST,—371—373.

HEAVEN,—476, 485, 486, 489, 496—510.

HOLY SCRIPTURES,—See "Scriptures."

HOLY SPIRIT,—110—125.

Pentecost, 111.
Ancient Hymn, 112.
Invoked, 114, 117, 122.
"Which worketh in you," 118.
Implored to return, 121, 289, 290, 292, 358.
His Teaching, 123.
Renewing all things, 124.
In the Sanctuary, 125.
Sought by the Young, 315, 323.

HOPE:—

For the chief of sinners, 135.
Full Assurance, 172—176, 494.

HUMILIATION:—

Personal and National, 354—365.
See "Repentance."

HUMILITY, 202, 203, 251.

I.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST,—63—67.

INSTALLATION,—See "Ministry."

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST,—79, 250, 359.

INVITATIONS TO CHRIST,—140, 197, 390.

J.

JACOB—WRESTLING,—450.

JERUSALEM—THE HEAVENLY,—476, 509, 510.

JEWS—THEIR CONVERSION,—306.

JOY:—

In the Scriptures, 33.
In the love of God, 42.
In Providential blessings, 47, 53.
In Christ, 172—181.

JOY.—(Continued.)

In a Revival, 293, 294.
In Worship, See "Worship;" "Lord's Day."
In Heaven, 496—510.

JUDGMENT—DAY OF,—475, 493—495.

JUDGMENTS—DIVINE,—354—362, 364, 365, 368—370, 372, 373.

JUSTIFICATION,—99, 100, 137 145, 163—165.

K.

KINDNESS—to the Poor,—221, 222, 373, 374.

L.

LABOURERS—Prayer for more,—268, 269.

LIBERALITY,—221, 222.

LITANY,—132.

THE LORD'S DAY,—54—62.

Resurrection of Christ, 56.
Evening, 62, 426, 427.
Morning, 6, 122.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,—249, 428.

THE LORD'S SUPPER,—279—288.

LOVE:—

Of God, 17, 42, 47.
Of Christ, See "Christ."
To Christ, 147, 172, 173, 175, 176.
To the Brethren, 160, 214, 215, 220, 391.

M.

MARRIAGE,—381—383.

MIDNIGHT HYMNS,—453, 454.

MILLENIUM,—296, 301, 303, 308.

MINISTRY—CHRISTIAN:—

Intercession for, 264, 265.
Assembly of, 265, 266, 267.

MINISTRY—CHRISTIAN.—(Continued.)
Prayer for more Labourers, 268, 269.
Seeking a Pastor, 270.
Death of a Pastor, 271.
MISSIONS,—295—312.
Holy Spirit invoked, 124.
Departure of Missionaries, 309—312.
Ingathering of Israel, 306.
MORNING HYMNS,—186, 397—412.
MOURNERS COMFORTED,—487—492.

N.

NATION,—See "Our Country."
NEW YEAR,—346—350, 435, 436.

O.

ORDINATION,—See "Ministry."
OUR COUNTRY :—
Commended to God, 353, 363.
National Thanksgiving, 351—353.
Fast, and Divine Judgments, 354—360.
War, 361, 362.

P.

PARDON,—See "Repentance;" "Coming to Christ."
PARENTS,—Prayers for Children, 277, 316, 429, 430.
PARTING,—217—220, 377, 433.
PASTOR :—
A church seeking one, 270.
Death of, 271.
PEACE :—
Of mind, 193.
In trouble, 223, 233.
PERSEVERANCE,—172, 173.

PESTILENCE,—364—367.

POOR,—Kindness to, 221, 222, 373, 374.

PRAYER,—See "Christian Experience."

Prayer and Watchfulness, 251—257.
Power of Prayer, 246.
For Sanctification, 189, 199, 395.
For Peace within, 193.
For a lowly-heart, 202.
For a child-like spirit, 203.
To be upheld and comforted, 201, 204—207, 251.
For quickening grace, 212.
For the light of God's countenance, 224, 225, 250.
For submission, deliverance, consolation, 223—245.
The Lord's Prayer, 249, 428.
For the Ministry, 264, 265.
For more labourers, 268, 269.
For Revival, 289—292, 358.
Of Ministers, 266, 267.
Of Parents, 276, 277, 316, 387, 429, 430.
Of the Young,—See "Youth;" "Children."
Of an aged Believer, 460.
In anticipation of death, 480—483.
Family Worship, 384—433.
Private Devotion, 434—476.

PROFESSION OF RELIGION,—See "Confessing Christ."

PROVIDENCE,—45—53, 446.

PSALMS VERSIFIED:—

23d., 98, 179.
63d., 188.
84th., 8.
91st., 211.
148th., 5.

R.

RAIN,—368—370, 372.

REGENERATION,—See "Holy Spirit:" "Repentance."

RENOUNCING THE WORLD,—See "Coming to Christ;" "Confessing Christ."

REPENTANCE :—

Pleading for mercy, 126—128, 134.
Deliverance from sin, 395, See "Sanctification."
"Remember me," 129.
Prayer for repentance, 130.
Conflict, 131.
Litany, 132.
Hope for the chief of sinners, 135.
The heart of stone, 136.
At the Saviour's feet, 137.
Christ's Invitation, 140, 197.
Coming to Christ, 141—161.
Mary's choice, 150.

RESIGNATION,—See "Conflicts and Trials."

RESTING—IN CHRIST,—101, 197, 234, 244, 442.
Saints' Rest, 500.

RESURRECTION :—

Of Christ, 77, 78.
Of believers, 492, 496.

REVIVAL,—289—294, 358.
See "Holy Spirit."

S.

SABBATH,—See "Lord's Day."

SABBATH-SCHOOLS,—See "Children and Sabbath-schools."

SANCTIFICATION,—120, 154, 159, 162, 189, 196, 199, 200, 291, 395.
See "Christian Experience."

SANCTUARY :—

Worship, 1—31.
Going to Church, 6.
God's Presence, 3, 4, 7, 9, 11.
Christ's Presence, 15.
Christian fellowship, 17.

SANCTUARY.—(Continued.)

Holy Spirit invoked, 125.

SCHOOLS—HYMNS FOR,—See "Morning and Evening Hymns," under "Family Worship;" "Youth;" "Children and Sabbath-schools."

Charity Schools, 379, 380.

SCRIPTURES,—32—35.

SEA—PERSONS GONE TO,—377, 378.

SEAMEN,—375, 376.

SEASONS,—351, 352, 371, 372.

SHEPHERD—CHRIST THE GOOD,—98, 179, 313, 499, 502.

SICKNESS,—364—367, 431, 468—472, 485.

SIN—CONFESSED,—227, 230, 231, 439.

See "Repentance;" "Atonement."

SPIRIT,—See "Holy Spirit."

SUBMISSION,—See "Conflicts and Trials;" "Private Devotion."

SYMPATHY—OF CHRIST,—108, 109, 166, 174, 250, 455, 459, 464.

T.

THANKSGIVING,—See "Gratitude;" "Our Country."

TONGUE,—to be guarded, 389.

TRIALS,—See "Conflicts and Trials."

TRINITY,—addressed, 36, 295, 434.

TRUST:—

An Ancient Hymn of Trust in Christ, 167.
In God's Providence, 48, 50—52, 203, 249, 428.
In Christ, 145, 147, 148, 157, 161, 163—170, 244.
Assurance, 172—176, 494.
Trusting, though in darkness, 224, 228, 231, 235.

W.

WAR,—361—363.

WARFARE—CHRISTIAN,—191.

WATCHFULNESS,—255—257, 493.

"WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE"—CHRIST THE,—104, 105.

WIDOWS,—432.

WORLD—RENOUNCED,—142—144.

WORSHIP:—

Public, 1—31.
Close of, 24—31.
Family, 186, 384—433.
Private, 434—476.
Evening Twilight, 452.
Midnight Hymns, 453, 454.

Y.

YEAR,—See "New Year."

YOUTH,—313—324.

Seeking the Holy Spirit, 315, 323.
Seeking Wisdom, 317.
"Our Shepherd," 318.
Consecration, 321.
"Our Father in Heaven," 324.
Prayer of Parents, 277, 316, 429, 430.

Index F.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF THE HYMNS.

		HYMN
A charge to keep I have	*C. Wesley.*	252
A debtor to mercy alone	*Toplady.*	172
A few more years shall roll	*Bonar.*	484
A sinner, Lord, behold I stand		341
Abide among us with thy grace	*Stegmann.*	198
Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide	*Lyte.*	456
Ah, when shall I awake	*C. Wesley.*	256
All hail, incarnate God		294
All ye who seek a sovereign cure	*Ancient*	140
And let our bodies part	*C. Wesley.*	309
Angels from the realms of glory	*Montgomery.*	63
Another week has passed away		424
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	*Newton.*	231
Arise, the kingdom is at hand	*Rist.*	66
Around the throne of God in heaven		326
Art thou acquainted, O my soul	*Miss Elliot.*	459
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	*Mrs. Mackay.*	488
As o'er the past my memory strays		348
Attend, O Lord, my daily toil	*German, tr. R. P. Dunn.*	393
Author of good, to thee we turn		245
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	*Doddridge.*	190
Awake my tongue, thy tribute bring	*Needham.*	41
Awake, ye saints, awake	*Cotterill.*	54
Before the ending of the day	Ancient.	418
Before the Lord we bow	Key.	368

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

		HYMN
Before thy footstool kneeling	*Hastings.*	431
Before thy throne, Eternal King	*Francis.*	267
Behold the throne of grace	*Newton.*	247
Behold us, Lord, with humble fear		16
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth	*Montgomery.*	23
Beset with snares on every hand	*Doddridge.*	150
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	*Newton.*	235
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	*Moravian.*	457
Bless, O Lord, each opening year		349
Blest be the dear uniting love	*C. Wesley.*	220
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright		59
Blest hour, when mortal man retires	*Raffles.*	248
Break forth, O earth, in singing	*J. H. Martin.*	304
Bright Source of everlasting love		374
Call Jehovah thy salvation	*Montgomery.*	211
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	*Windham.*	483
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	*C. Wesley.*	397
Come, all ye saints of God		19
Come, Blessed Spirit, source of light	*Beddome.*	123
Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son	*Ancient.*	9
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord	*Montgomery.*	216
Come let our souls adore the Lord	*Mrs. Steele.*	359
Come let our voices join		338
Come let us anew	*C. Wesley.*	436
Come let us join with sweet accord	*C. Wesley.*	61
Come let us to the Lord our God	*Morrison.*	139
Come let us who in Christ believe	*C. Wesley.*	390
Come, my fond, fluttering heart	*Taylor.*	142
Come, O Creator Spirit blest	*Ancient.*	115
Come, O thou Traveller unknown	*C. Wesley.*	450
Come thou now and be among us	*Ancient.*	262
Come, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder		80
Creator of the stars of night	*Ancient.*	67
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	*Ancient.*	112
Crown his head with endless blessing		92
Dawn sprinkles all the East with light	*Ancient.*	98

		HYMN
Day by day the manna fell	*Coelder.*	388
Day of wrath, that day of mourning	*Ancient.*	475
Dear as thou wert, and justly dear	*Dale.*	487
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep		489
Dear Jesus, ever at my side	*Faber.*	330
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	*Mrs. Steele.*	227
Deathless principle, arise	*Toplady.*	474
Depth of mercy! can there be	*C. Wesley.*	128
Does the Gospel-word proclaim	*Newton.*	234
Do not I love thee, O my God	*Doddridge.*	175
Dread Jehovah! God of nations		354
Earth has engrossed my love too long	*Watts.*	496
Enthroned in light, Eternal God		268
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord	*Humphries.*	113
Eternal God, in whom we live		275
Eternal Spirit, God of truth		120
Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise	*Watts.*	40
Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are	*C. Wesley.*	38
Father, bless thy word to all	*Kelly.*	31
Father, by saints on earth adored	*C. Wesley.*	419
Father, I know that all my life	*Miss Waring.*	447
Father of all, thy care we bless		384
Father of eternal grace	*Montgomery.*	200
Father of love and power		415
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	*Beddome.*	265
Father of mercies, condescend	*Morrell.*	311
Father of mercies, hear		344
Father of mercies, send thy grace	*Doddridge.*	221
Father of mercy, hear our prayers	*C. Wesley.*	380
Father, to thee my soul I lift		254
For a season called to part	*Newton.*	217
For ever here my rest shall be		152
For ever shall my fainting soul	*Scott.*	121
For ever with the Lord	*Montgomery.*	503
Forsake me not, my God	*German.*	448
For thee, O dear, dear Country	*Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale.*	488

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
For the mercies of the day	62
Forth in thy name, O Lord, we go	401
For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King..*Caroline Fry.*	237
Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free	108
From earliest dawn of life	320
From highest heaven the Father's Son..... *Old Latin.*	259
Full of trembling expectation..... *C. Wesley.*	465
Give glory to the Lord..... *Montgomery.*	21
Giver and Guardian of our sleep..... *C. Wesley.*	497
Glory, and laud, and honour..... *Ancient.*	69
Glory to the Father give..... *Montgomery.*	325
God be merciful to me..... *Montgomery.*	238
God is in his holy temple..... *Montgomery.*	7
God is my strong salvation..... *Montgomery.*	169
God of mercy, hear our prayer..... *Hastings.*	277
God of my life, whose gracious power	446
God of union, God of love	345
God the Creator bless'd..... *Montgomery.*	58
Go not far from me, O my Strength..... *Miss Waring.*	455
Great God, as seasons disappear	352
Great God, our Father and our Friend	322
Great God, our voice to thee we raise	379
Great God, to thee my evening song..... *Mrs. Steele.*	416
Great God, what do I see and hear..... *Martin Luther.*	495
Great God, when I approach thy throne	163
Great God, with wonder and with praise	32
Great High Priest, we view thee stooping..... *Moravian.*	71
Great King of Zion, bend thine ear..... *Doddridge.*	270
Great Light of life, thou nature's Lord..... *Hoskins*	12
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds..... *Dyer.*	355
Great the joy when Christians meet	17
Guard well thy lips; none, none can know..... *Miss Elliot.*	389
Hail the day that sees him rise..... *C. Wesley.*	79
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... *Montgomery.*	303
Hail to the Prince of life and peace..... *Doddridge.*	106
Hail tranquil hour of closing day..... *Bowes.*	488

		HYMN
Hallelujah ! best and sweetest		508
Happy the souls to Jesus joined	*C. Wesley.*	215
Hark, how the angels sweetly sing	*Kelly.*	78
Hark ten thousand harps and voices	*Kelly.*	85
Have mercy, Lord, on me	*Tate & Brady.*	127
Hear, O Jesus, my complaints		136
Heavenly Father, may thy love	*Guest.*	273
Heavenly Spirit, may each heart	*Edmeston.*	122
Heirs of unending life		118
Here is my heart ! My God, I give it thee	*Liedick.*	439
Holy Father, Great Creator	*Griswold.*	36
Holy Father, thou hast taught us		347
Holy Ghost, with light divine	*Reed.*	116
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord	*Montgomery.*	1
Holy Jesus, Saviour blest	*Ancient.*	104
Hosanna to the living Lord	*Heber.*	91
How are thy servants blest, O Lord	*Addison.*	52
How blessed from the bonds of sin	*Spitta.*	438
How do thy mercies close me round	*C. Wesley.*	422
How gentle God's commands	*Doddridge.*	208
How hast thou, Lord, in righteous wrath	*Gibbons.*	368
How precious is that Saviour's name		107
How sad and dreadful is my state	*Cennick.*	131
How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight	*Swain.*	214
I am baptized into thy name	*Rambach.*	272
I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power	*Heginbotham.*	317
I feed by faith on Christ, my bread	*Montgomery.*	285
I heard the voice of Jesus say	*Bonar.*	197
I know that my Redeemer lives	*C. Wesley.*	168
I lay my sins on Jesus	*Bonar.*	166
I leave the world, its boasted store		143
I left the God of truth and light	*Montgomery.*	135
I look to thee, O Lord, alone	*Hastings.*	126
I thank thee, O my God, who made	*Miss Procter.*	448
I think when I read that sweet story of old		338
In all our ways, O God		385

	HYMN
In humble prayer, O may I read	34
In the morning hear my voice.....*Montgomery.*	398
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....*Kelly.*	3
In vain we seek for peace with God.....*Watts.*	165
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.....*Toplady.*	412
It is the Lord! Behold his hand.....*Montgomery.*	364
Jehovah God, thy gracious power.....*Dr. Thomson.*	37
Jerusalem, the glorious.....*Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale.*	510
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb.....*C. Wesley.*	147
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....*Old English.*	56
Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour	337
Jesus, help conquer	463
Jesus, immortal King, arise.....*Burder.*	305
Jesus, immortal King, go on	301
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....*Lyte.*	161
Jesus, in sickness and in pain.....*Gallaudet.*	467
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before thee	265
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley.*	391
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.....*Macduff.*	228
Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep	464
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope	440
Jesus, our best beloved Friend.....*Montgomery.*	156
Jesus, our fainting spirits cry.....*Bernard.*	167
Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace.....*Doddridge.*	222
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee.....*C. Wesley.*	145
Jesus the very thought of thee.....*Bernard.*	174
Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend.....*Burnham.*	129
Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep	313
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.....*Zinzendorf.*	99
Jesus, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley.*	15
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move	335
Just as I am—without one plea.....*Miss Elliot.*	141
Keep silence, all created things.....*Watts.*	43
Keep us, Lord, O keep us ever	25
Let me be with thee where thou art.....*Miss Elliot.*	497
Let plenteous grace descend on those	276

HYMN

Let the land mourn through all its coasts.....*Montgomery.* 365
Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly..... 202
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....*Newton.* 144
Light of those whose dreary dwelling..... 96
Lo, God is here, let us adore.....*C. Wesley.* 4
Lo, what a cloud of witnesses..... 192
Long unafflicted, undismayed.....*Cowper.* 236
Look thou, O Lord, on him who lies.....*Montgomery.* 250
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....*Kelly.* 81
Lord, as the evening shades arise..... 420
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee..... 160
Lord, at this closing hour.....*E. T. Fitch.* 24
Lord, at thy table I behold.....*Stennett.* 281
Lord, dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt".....*Newton.* 189
Lord God, the Holy Ghost.....*Montgomery.* 111
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....*C. Wesley.* 500
Lord, I believe, thy power I own.....*Wreford.* 229
Lord, I to thee commit my way.....*Miss Elliot.* 400
Lord, in these dark and dismal days..... 358
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....*Baxter.* 209
Lord Jesus, who our souls to save.....*Werner.* 101
Lord, may our souls thy grace adore.....*Mrs. Steele.* 361
Lord, may the spirit of this feast..... 287
Lord, now we part in thy blest name.....*Heber.* 28
Lord of all power and might.....*Montgomery.* 48
Lord of my life, whose word of power..... 346
Lord of the harvest, bend thine ear.....*Hastings.* 269
Lord of the harvest, hear.....*C. Wesley.* 268
Lord, thine appointed servants bless..... 264
Lord, thou art my Rock of strength.....*Francke.* 239
Lord, while holy angels praise thee..... 336
Lord, whom winds and seas obey.....*C. Wesley.* 377
Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee..... 178
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....*Stennett.* 177
Many woes had Christ endured.....*Hart.* 70
May we who teach the rising race..... 348

	HYMN
Messiah, at thy glad approach.....*Logan.*	68
Most High and Holy Trinity.....*Angelus.*	434
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....*G. N. Allen.*	210
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	332
My faith looks up to thee.....*Ray Palmer.*	185
My Father, God, before thy face.....*Drewes.*	226
My Father, when I come to thee.....	315
My God, accept my heart this day.....*Ancient.*	155
My God, and is thy table spread.....	284
My God, I know that I must die.....*Schmolke.*	482
My God, I now from sleep awake.....*Bishop Ken.*	453
My God, my Father, while I stray.....*Miss Elliot.*	458
My God, my grateful heart I'll raise.....	469
My God, O could I make the claim.....*Mrs. Steele.*	224
My God, the covenant of thy love.....*Doddridge.*	240
My God, thy service well demands.....*Doddridge.*	472
My God, to thee I call.....*Mrs. Steele.*	225
My gracious Lord, I own thy right.....*Doddridge.*	195
My gracious Redeemer I love.....	176
My heart is resting, O my God.....*Miss Waring.*	445
My only Saviour, when I feel.....	442
My Saviour, as thou wilt.....*Schmolke.*	466
My Saviour, can it ever be.....	494
My Saviour, how shall I proclaim.....*C. Wesley.*	183
My Saviour, let me hear thy voice.....*Doddridge.*	149
My Saviour, on thy word of truth.....*Miss Waring.*	449
My Saviour, when thy law demands.....*East.*	164
My soul before thee prostrate lies.....*Richter.*	230
My soul triumphant in the Lord.....*Doddridge.*	182
My spirit on thy care.....*Lyte.*	244
My times are in thy hand.....	242
Nearer, my God, to thee.....*S. F. Adams.*	196
New every morning is the love.....*Keble.*	411
Now at the Lamb's great paschal feast.....*Ambrosian.*	288
Now condescend, Almighty King.....	423
Now I have found the ground wherein.....*Rowe.*	318

	HYMN
Now joyful strains we lift on high	86
Now let my soul, Eternal King.....*Heginbotham.*	33
Now may He who from the dead.....*Newton.*	29
Now may the Lord of earth and skies.....*Burder.*	369
Now one day's journey less divides.....*Miss Elliot.*	437
Now that the day-light fills the sky.....*Ancient.*	403
Now that the sun is gleaming bright.....*Ancient.*	409
Now the shades of night are gone	402
Now to the shining seats of bliss.....*Mrs. Steele.*	504
O, bless the Saviour, ye that eat.....*Cowper.*	283
O Christ, our ever-blessed Lord	74
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord.....*Gregory, tr. R. Palmer.*	90
O Christ, our true and only Light.....*Heermann.*	97
O Christ, with each returning morn.....*Ancient.*	396
O come, let us raise.....*Montgomery.*	339
O Father of unclouded light.....*Ancient.*	395
O for a heart to feel	14
O for a shout of joy.....*J. Young.*	42
O for the happy hour.....*Bethune.*	292
O God, by thee the seed is given.....*Heber.*	26
O God of Zion, from thy throne	289
O God, thou art my God alone.....*Montgomery.*	188
O God, unseen but not unknown.....*Montgomery.*	477
O God, unseen yet ever near.....*Watts.*	280
O guard our shores from every foe.....*Urford.*	363
O happy day, that fixed my choice.....*Doddridge.*	158
O help us, Lord—each hour of need.....*Milman.*	206
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	194
O King of earth, and air, and sea.....*Heber.*	50
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.....*C. Wesley.*	137
O Lord, before thy gracious throne	323
O Lord, in mercy spare	370
O Lord our God, with earnest care.....*Ancient.*	356
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart.....*J. F. Oberlin.*	153
O Lord, thy work revive.....*Hastings.*	290
O *Love Divine to guilty men*.....Ancient.	94

	HYMN
O Love Divine, what hast thou done.....*C. Wesley.*	75
O mean may seem this house of clay.....*Gill.*	444
O Mother dear, Jerusalem.....*Dickson.*	476
O Sacred Head, now wounded.....*Gerhardt, tr. J. W. Alexander.*	73
O Saviour of our race.....*Laurenti.*	199
O Saviour, may we never rest.....	151
O Saviour, welcome to my heart.....	154
O Saviour, whose mercy severe in its kindness.....*Sir R. Grant.*	461
O speak that gracious word again.....*Newton.*	233
O that I could repent.....*C. Wesley.*	130
O that the Lord's salvation.....*Lyte.*	306
O the delights, the heavenly joys.....*Watts.*	498
O Thou from whom all goodness flows.....*Harris.*	232
O Thou God, who hearest prayer.....*Conder.*	207
O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend.....*C. Wesley.*	291
O Thou that hearest prayer.....	119
O Thou who all things can'st control.....	212
O Thou who did'st the temple fill.....	261
O Thou who hast at thy command.....*Cotterill.*	253
O Thou whom we adore.....*C. Wesley.*	303
O Thou whose covenant is sure.....	387
O whither should I go.....*C. Wesley.*	133
Once around the Saviour pressing.....	327
Once more before we part.....	218
One by one the sands are flowing.....*Miss Procter.*	441
One prayer I have, all prayers in one.....*Montgomery.*	241
One sole baptismal sign.....*Robinson.*	213
One sweetly solemn thought.....	473
On thee each morning, O my God.....*Kippis.*	410
On thee, O Lord our God, we call.....	360
On the mountain's top appearing.....*Kelly.*	302
Oppressed with guilt, convinced of sin.....*Montgomery.*	251
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer.....*Bickersteth.*	276
Our Father, God, once more we raise.....	399
Our Father, God, who art in heaven.....*Judson.*	249
Our Father in Heaven, thou madest the earth.....*Hammersley.*	18A

		HYMN
Our Heavenly Father calls	*Doddridge.*	187
Our Heavenly Father, hear	*Montgomery.*	428
Our Helper, God, we bless thy name	*Doddridge.*	350
Our limbs refreshed with slumber now	*Ancient.*	408
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb	*Watts.*	279
Planted in Christ, the living Vine	*S. F. Smith.*	159
Pleasant are thy courts above	*Lyte.*	8
Pour out thy Spirit from on high	*Montgomery.*	266
Praise Him, all ye hosts above	*Montgomery.*	5
Praise to God, immortal praise	*Barbauld.*	351
Praise to the Lord, for they are pass'd		501
Prince of Peace, control my will		193
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	*Newton.*	203
Rejoice, for Christ the Saviour reigns	*Beddome.*	293
Rejoice, rejoice, believers	*Laurenti.*	257
Remember thy Creator now		314
Rest from thy labours, rest	*Montgomery.*	271
Return, my soul, and sweetly rest	*Latrobe.*	53
Rise, Daughter of Zion, thy mourning is o'er		296
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	*Brydges.*	84
Rise, Sun of Glory, rise	*Bender.*	300
Roll on, thou mighty ocean		310
Saviour, happy would I be		170
Saviour King, in hallowed union		342
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us		318
Saviour, thy precept is not hid		319
Saviour, when in dust to thee	*Sir R. Grant.*	132
Saviour, while my heart is tender		321
Servant of God, well done	*Montgomery.*	490
Shepherd, of the fold of God	*Hastings.*	429
Shepherd with thy tenderest love		502
Shine on our souls, eternal God	*Doddridge.*	392
Since Jesus freely did appear		382
Sing Hallelujah, sing		366
Sing we the song of those who stand	*Montgomery.*	88
Softly fades the twilight ray	S. F. Smith.	427

		HYMN
Softly now the light of day	*Doane.*	421
Soldiers of Christ, arise	*C. Wesley.*	191
Sole Sovereign of the earth and skies	*E. Scott.*	386
Songs of praise the angels sang	*Montgomery.*	20
Spirit Divine, attend our prayer	*Reed.*	110
Spirit of Holiness, descend	*S. F. Smith.*	117
Spirit of power and might, behold	*Montgomery.*	124
Spirit poured on Pentecost		114
Stand up and bless the Lord	*Montgomery.*	18
Strangers and pilgrims here below	*Montgomery.*	49
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	*Keble.*	413
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne	*Toplady.*	138
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve	*Edmeston.*	426
Sweet is the time of Spring		331
Sweet is the work, O Lord	*Lyte.*	60
Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way	*Merrick.*	35
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody	*Miss Waring.*	435
That Bridal City, O how blest	*Ancient.*	507
The burden of my sins, O Lord		204
Th' eternal gates lift up their heads		89
The festal morn, my God, is come		6
The ground on which this day we stand	*Montgomery.*	258
The happy morn is come		77
The head that once was crowned with thorns	*Kelly.*	93
The hour of my departure's come	*Logan.*	480
The hours of evening close	*Mrs. Conder.*	425
The Lord descended from above	*Sternhold.*	44
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know	*Montgomery.*	98
The Lord our God is clothed with might	*H. K. White.*	46
The Lord will come and not be slow	*Milton.*	299
The peace which God alone reveals	*Newton.*	30
The perfect world by Adam trod	*Willis.*	260
The race that long in darkness pined	*C. Wesley.*	65
The time draws nigh when from the clouds		492
The widow and the fatherless	*Hastings.*	432
Thee we adore, Eternal Lord		

	HYMN
There is a fold whence none can stray.....*East.*	499
There is a happy land.....	328
There is an eye that never sleeps.....	246
This place is holy ground.....*Montgomery.*	491
Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord.....*Raffles.*	471
Thou art the Way; to thee alone.....*Doane.*	105
Thou boundless Source of every good.....*Raffles.*	51
Thou from whom we never part.....	417
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness.....*Miss Elliot.*	57
Thou God of power, thou God of love.....	11
Thou God of sovereign grace.....	316
Thou hidden Source of calm repose.....*C. Wesley.*	109
Thou Judge of quick and dead.....*C. Wesley.*	493
Thou Lord of all above.....*Beddome.*	134
Thou loving Saviour of mankind.....*Gregory the Great.*	357
Thou Sun of Righteousness, arise.....	307
Thou whose Almighty word.....*Marriott.*	295
Thou very present Aid.....	223
Though I should seek to wash me clean.....	100
Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, this day.....*Montgomery.*	468
Thrice happy souls, who, born of heaven.....*Doddridge.*	186
Through the day thy love has spared us.....*Kelly.*	414
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....*Gibbons.*	39
Thy mighty working, mighty God.....	47
Thy presence, Everlasting God.....*Doddridge.*	219
Thy Spirit pour, O gracious Lord.....	125
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....*Bonar.*	460
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now.....	76
To God most awful and most high.....	373
To Him who loved the souls of men.....	180
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....*Mrs. Steele.*	282
To Jesus, the Crown of my hope.....*Cowper.*	481
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord.....	371
To Thee, my God and Saviour.....*Haweis.*	82
To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord.....Heginbotham.	179
To Thee, O blessed Saviour.....	348

		HYMN
To Thee our wants are known	*Newton.*	27
To Thee, when called awhile to part	*Hastings.*	433
To thy temple, I repair	*Montgomery.*	13
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head	*Doddridge.*	297
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	*Watts.*	45
Visit, Lord, this habitation		394
Walking on the wingéd wind	*Montgomery.*	367
We come, O Lord, before thy throne		376
We join to pray, with wishes kind	*Gaskell.*	383
We lift our eyes, our hands, to thee	*Montgomery.*	372
We lift our hearts to thee	*J. Wesley.*	406
We praise and bless thee, gracious Lord	*Spitta.*	201
We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God	*Moravian.*	146
We sing to Thee, thou Son of God	*Ancient.*	83
Welcome now another morning		404
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone		72
What is it for a saint to die		479
What love, O Lord, was that which led	*Ancient.*	87
When along life's thorny road		243
When bending o'er the brink of life	*Collyer.*	478
When his salvation bringing		329
When I see thee, hanging, bleeding	*J. W. Alexander.*	171
When marshalled on the nightly plain	*H. K. White.*	95
When on her Maker's bosom	*Heber.*	381
When streaming from the eastern skies	*Sir R. Grant.*	451
When the parting bosom bleeds	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	375
When we stand before the throne	*McCheyne.*	181
Where'er I am, whate'er I see	*Hannah More.*	454
Where shall the weary rest	*Hutton.*	485
Wherever two or three may meet	*Hastings.*	430
While dead in trespasses I lie	*C. Wesley.*	162
While in sweet communion feeding		286
While Justice waves her vengeful hand	*Mrs. Steele.*	362
While o'er the deep thy servants sail	*Burgess.*	378
Who are these in bright array	*Montgomery.*	506
Who are those before God's throne	*Schenk.*	505

HYMN

Who shall sing if not the children..... 334
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but thee.....*Lyte.* 184
With all thy saints thee, Lord, we sing.....*Gerhardt.* 64
With ecstasy of joy.....*Doddridge.* 102
With humble faith on thee I call.....*C. Wesley.* 148
With joy we hail the sacred day.....*Lyte.* 55
With joy we lift our eyes.....*Jervis.* 10
With tearful eyes I look around..... 462
With thankful hearts our songs we raise.....*Bickersteth.* 274
With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim.....,.....*Doddridge.* 103
With years oppressed, with sorrows torn.....*Sir R. Grant.* 470
Witness ye men and angels now.....*Beddome.* 157
Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell.....*Doddridge.* 486
Ye holy angels bright.....*Baxter.* 22
Ye servants of the Lord.....*Doddridge.* 255
Yes, my native land, I love thee.....*S. F. Smith.* 312
Zion stands with hills surrounded..... 298

GENERAL ARRANGEMENT

OF THE HYMNS.

HYMNS

WORSHIP.....1—31

THE SCRIPTURES.....32—35

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.....36—53

THE LORD'S DAY.....54—62

JESUS CHRIST:—

- INCARNATION.....63—68
- SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.....69—76
- RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.....77—80
- REIGNING.....81—94
- CHARACTER AND OFFICES.....95—109

THE HOLY SPIRIT.....110—125

REPENTANCE.....126—140

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE:—

- DEDICATION AND SELF-DENIAL.....141—161
- GRACES AND DUTIES.....162—222
- CONFLICTS AND TRIALS.....223—245
- PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.....246—257

THE CHURCH:—

- CORNER-STONE, AND DEDICATION.....258—263
- CHRISTIAN *MINISTERS*.....264—271
- *BAPTISM*.....272—278

HYMNS

THE CHURCH.—(Continued.)

The Lord's Supper.....279—288

Revival.....289—294

Missions.....295—312

The Young.....313—324

CHILDREN AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS.....325—345

TIMES AND OCCASIONS.....346—383

FAMILY WORSHIP.....384—433

PRIVATE DEVOTION.....434—476

TIME AND ETERNITY:

Death and Resurrection.....477—495

Heaven.....496—510

BV438.B62
A selection of hymns :
Andover-Harvard 000004238
3 2044 077 906 154